



JUNE

**CAPTAIN**

# **AERO**

**COMICS**



*Phil*  
THE DAZZLING  
*'Miss Victory'*  
RIGHTING WRONGS  
FOR EVERY MAN  
AND  
"THE RED CROSS"



**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



# Captain

# AERO



"KING OF THE SKY TRAILS"

in "VICTORY IN THE EAST!"

SHORTLY AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN THE CHINESE THEATRE OF WAR, THE JAPS REALIZED THAT CAPT. AERO WAS FAST BECOMING A SCOURGE TO THEIR AIR FORCE! .. FACED WITH AN EPIDEMIC OF 'HARI KARI' THEY HASTILY DE VISED A DIABOLICAL PLAN... BUT READ ON AND FIND OUT HOW WELL IT WORKED!



OUR STORY OPENS SHORTLY AFTER CAPTAIN AERO COMPLETED A SERIES OF DEVASTATING RAIDS UPON JAPAN!

.... HE HAS DONE IT AGAIN AND AGAIN .. THIS CANNOT GO ON! HE MUST BE STOPPED AT ANY COST!







BUT THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN, AND RATS, OFT GO ASTRAY!--FOR JUST OUTSIDE, THE BIG EARS OF A LITTLE CHINESE LISTEN INTENTLY---



FIRST, YOU WILL BE PROMOTED TO RANK OF MAJOR! SECOND, WE GIVE YOU FANTASTIC NAME, LIKE REMARKABLE PEOPLE IN AMERICAN COMIC BOOKS! THIRD, YOU WEAR FANCY BULLET-PROOF COSTUME,-- AND LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, YOU FLY NEW TYPE DOUBLE ARMORED PLANE, NOW BEING CONSTRUCTED!



AND--BESIDES THAT, WE WILL HAVE A MAJ--



IS WONDERFUL IDEA,--THIS USELESS ONE IS MOST GRATEFUL FOR EXTREME HONOR! ALL JAPANESE WILL THRILL TO BRAVERY OF LIEUT. YAHUCHI!-- I MEAN "MAJOR ZERO"-- "THE SUPER-FLYER!"

ONE WEEK HENCE, COSTUME AND PLANE WILL BE READY!



T'IS FOUL PLAN! THEY WILL DESTROY CAPTAIN AERO WHO FIGHTS FOR CHINA!-- BUT-- WHAT TO DO?? WHAT TO DO???



OVERWHELMED BY HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE THREATENED CATASTROPHE, THE LITTLE CHINESE DOES NOT NOTICE MAJ. ZERO COMING OUT OF THE OFFICE!

'TIS GREAT HONOR! --HERE, WHAT'S THIS?



AHA, SO YOU LISTEN AT THE WINDOW? GUARDS, GUARDS-- KILL THIS LITTLE WHELP, AND FEED HIM TO THE DOGS!

EEYOW!



REALIZING THAT IF HE IS KILLED, HIS VALUABLE INFORMATION WILL BE LOST,--THE LITTLE BOY SUDDENLY SWINGS HIS BROOM AT THE OFFICER, IN A BRAVE BID FOR FREEDOM!!





AS THE ENRAGED JAPS SCRAMBLE TO THEIR FEET, HE BEATS A HASTY RETREAT AROUND THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING!

GET HIM!  
KILL HIM!



FOR HOURS THE JAPS SEARCH FRANTICALLY, WITHOUT FINDING A SIGN OF THE LITTLE CHINESE!

FOOLS! HE GOT AWAY!--  
DOUBLE THE GUARD! KILL  
HIM ON SIGHT!



THEN LATER,-- AS DARKNESS FALLS AND THE MOON CREEPS OVER THE TREE TOPS, THE LITTLE FIGURE EMERGES FROM HIS HIDING PLACE!



AND CAUTIOUSLY SLIPS PAST THE DOUBLE CORDON OF GUARDS--

I HOPE HE TRIES TO  
GET BY HERE!--THIS  
ONE WOULD ENJOY  
CUTTING SKINNY CHINESE  
THROAT!



TWO WEEKS LATER,--AT A FORMER FLYING TIGER-BASE, IN HUNAN PROVINCE!

HEY! CAPTAIN AERO,  
THERE'S SOMEBODY  
OUT HERE, WANTS TO  
SEE YOU,-- SAYS IT'S  
IMPORTANT!



OKAY--  
SEND HIM  
IN!

HERE HE IS CAP!  
THAT'S HIM SON--  
THAT'S CAPTAIN  
AERO!

WELL, FOR THE  
LOVE OF MIKE,  
WHAT IS THIS?--  
A GAG? FOR A  
MINUTE I THOUGHT  
IT WAS SOMEONE  
IMPORTANT!



ME IMPORTANT!  
OH, YES, ME VERY  
IMPORTANT!-- YOU  
SEE, WHEN ME TELL  
YOU WHAT ME KNOW!



HEY-- YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'RE  
ALL IN!-- I'LL BET YOU  
HAVEN'T EATEN FOR A WEEK!  
COME ON, LET'S SEE IF  
THE COOK CAN SCARE UP  
A BITE!







HI, YA JOE! I HATE TO BARGE IN ON YOU AT THIS HOUR,--BUT MY FRIEND HERE HAS A SHORTAGE OF VITAMINS!

WHAT, ANOTHER ONE?... WITH YOU AROUND, I'LL SOON BE FEEDIN' ALL THE STRAYS IN CHINA!--OKAY, MAKE A LANDING!



PLEASE, CAPTAIN AERO, FOOD CAN WAIT! MUST TELL YOU---

FIRST, GET THIS UNDER YOUR BELT, SONNY, THEN WE'LL TALK!



I WONDER WHO HE IS! HE ACTS LIKE HE'S GOT SOMETHING ON HIS MIND!

FROM THE WAY HE'S PACKIN' THAT GRUB AWAY, I'D SAY IT WAS HUNGER!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE BOY FINISHES THE FOOD, THE COOK SHACK SUDDENLY SHUDDERS TO THE SHOCK OF A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!



HEY-- WHAT THE---

AS AERO DASHES OUTSIDE, A JAP ZERO ZOOMS AWAY, AND A SHOWER OF LEAFLETS FLUTTER TO THE GROUND!



STEP ON IT! AFTER HIM, MEN!

AMID THE DIN OF THE RAID SIRENS, HE QUICKLY PICKS UP ONE OF THE PIECES OF PAPER DROPPED BY THE ZERO!

JUMPIN' GRASSHOPPERS! OF ALL THE BLASTED GALL!



HEY!-- WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

OH, IT'S YOU, SKIPPER!-- HERE, GET A LOAD OF THIS!



**CHALLENGE TO CAPT. AERO!**  
**I, MAJOR ZERO!**  
**The SUPER FLYER!**  
 WILL MEET YOU IN OPEN COMBAT TO PROVE SUPERIOR ABILITY OF JAPANESE PILOT! THIS FIGHT WILL BE IN SPORTSMANLIKE MANNER! MAN AGAINST SAME! IF YOU ARE NOT AFRAID FLY NORTH TO-MORROW MORNING AND I WILL BE WAITING AND READY TO DO BATTLE--ALONE!  
 GOOD-BYE  
 SIGNED Major Zero



ALONE, EH? SPORTSMANLIKE MANNER EH?---DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE SUCKER ENOUGH TO FALL FOR THAT SET-UP!

DON'T GO, CAPTAIN AERO!--IS TRAP! ME KNOW!--THAT WHAT ME COME LONG WAY TO TELL YOU!

WHAT'S THAT? YOU SAY YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THIS?

SURE-- ME LISTEN OUTSIDE WINDOW. COMMANDER SAY, "IS FINE PLAN TO DESTROY CAPT. AERO--- MAJOR ZERO BEST FLYER IN JAP ARMY! GOT BULLET PROOF SUIT AND SPECIAL DOUBLE ARMOR PLANE! THEY SAY MORE, BUT ME NO HEAR!"

THAT SETTLES IT! I'M GOING UP TOMORROW, AND MEET HIM!

BUT, YOU CAN'T YOU HEARD WHAT THE KID SAID-- IT'S A TRAP!

I'VE GOT TOO,--THE JAPS WILL THINK I'M AFRAID, IF I DON'T, AND I GUESS YOU REALIZE WHAT A BOOST THAT WOULD BE FOR THEIR MORALE!--GOOD NIGHT SKIPPER! C'MON CHOP SUEY, YOU CAN BUNK AT MY PLACE TONIGHT!

HMMM---

THE FOLLOWING MORNING---

THERE HE GOES! I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE NIPS HAVE IN STORE FOR HIM, BUT IT BETTER BE GOOD!

FLYING AT A MODERATE SPEED, THE WEIRD SHIP HEADS DUE NORTH FOR TWENTY MINUTES!

WELL I'M OVER ENEMY TERRITORY NOW,--WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR?

TEN MINUTES LATER-- AERO FLIES ON--AND STILL NO SIGN OF MAJOR ZERO--

I GET IT,-- THEY'RE PLAYIN' CAT AND MOUSE WITH ME! TRYIN' TO WORK ON MY NERVES!--TO HECK WITH THIS! I'M GOING UPSTAIRS AND LOOK FOR HIM! --OH-OH--



AERO'S QUICK GLANCE OVER HIS SHOULDER HAS REVEALED A WEIRDLY PAINTED ZERO, ROARING OUT OF A CLOUD BANK!



IT IS MAJOR ZERO!-- AND HE SHOUTS WITH GLEE AS AERO'S SHIP LINES UP SQUARE, IN HIS SIGHTS!



SUDDENLY,--A TELL-TALE BURST OF FLAME AND SMOKE ENVELOPES THE MYSTERY SHIP OF CAPTAIN AERO!



MAJOR ZERO, SUPER FLYER, TO HON. COMMANDER--- HAVE MET AND DESTROYED CAP'T AERO. NO NEED FOR SQUADRON TO ASSIST! BANZAI!!



CONGRATULATIONS, MAJOR ZERO! I WILL NOTIFY TOKIO IMMEDIATELY, AND THEN WE WILL COME OUT OF HIDING PLACE IN CLOUDS, AND ESCORT YOU TO LANDING FIELD!-- BANZAI!!



BAD NEWS TRAVELS FAST, SO A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER, AT THE CHINESE AMERICAN BASE--



RADIO TOKIO IS PLEASED TO REPORT GREAT VICTORY BY JAPANESE SUPER-FLYER, MAJOR ZERO! HE SHOT DOWN, AND KILLED THE AMERICAN CAPTAIN AERO!



BUT WHAT'S THIS? AS MAJOR ZERO, GLOATING OVER HIS VICTORY AWAITS THE APPEARANCE OF THE HIDDEN SQUADRON, CAPT. AERO, UNSCATHED CRUISES HIGH IN THE SKY ABOVE!

BOY, DID HE FALL FOR THAT ONE! -- EXPLODING THAT SMOKE BOMB, THEN HITTING FOR THE CEILING IS QUITE A TRICK! HEY--WHAT THE--?

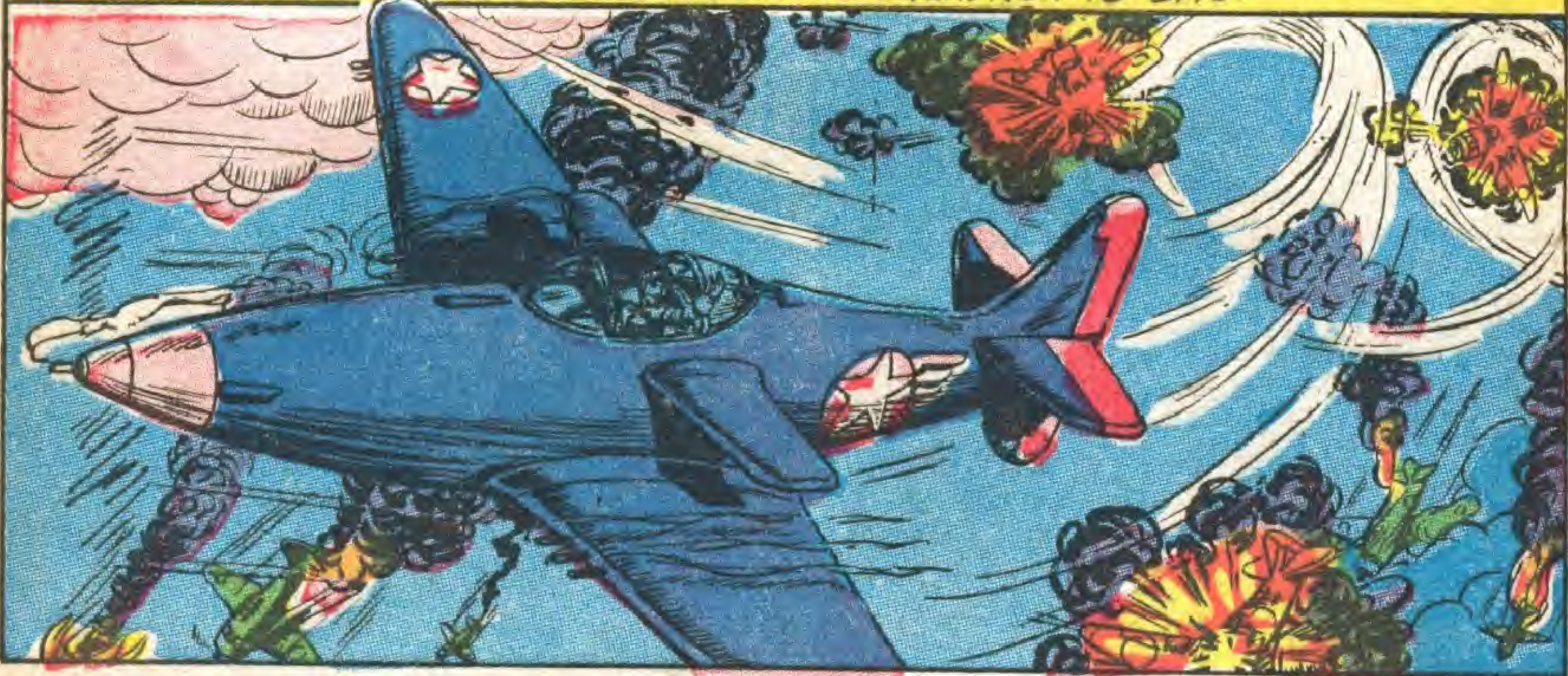


THEN, SUDDENLY WHILE AERO WATCHES THE SQUADRON OF JAP ZEROS COME OUT OF HIDING, AND DROP DOWN ALONG SIDE OF MAJOR ZERO'S PLANE!

THE DIRTY RATS! JUST WHAT I EXPECTED! I DIDN'T THINK HE'D COME ALONE! OKAY NIPS-- YOU ASKED FOR IT! --HERE I COME!



AERO'S FAMOUS BUZZ SAW ATTACK BLASTS THE SQUADRON TO BITS!



AND WITH THE OTHERS, THE GREAT MAJOR ZERO GOES DOWN IN FLAMES!



A HALF HOUR LATER--

HEY, FELLAS! LOOK!

IT'S AERO'S SHIP! IT'S HIM!



BUT CAP, HOW-- WHAT? RADIO TOKIO BROADCASTED YOU WERE KILLED!

REMEMBER THAT JAP WHO SAID HE WOULD DICTATE PEACE IN THE WHITE HOUSE?--- THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH JAPS, THEY'RE A LITTLE TOO PREMATURE, EH CHOP SUEY? YOU SAID IT CAPT AERO! AND HOW?



BUT CAPT. AERO HAS NOT SEEN THE LAST OF MAJOR ZERO! OH, NO! HE AND CHOP SUEY ARE IN FOR A WHOLE OF AN ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT

**CAPT AERO comics!**



# Miss VICTORY



FROM BERLIN, COMES A DEFINITE COMMAND TO KURT VON MANVITZ: -- "THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO RELEASE YOUR BEST PIECE OF SABOTAGE AND PROPAGANDA! -- PROCEED IMMEDIATELY - ACCORDING TO PLANS!" -- HOW CAN MISS VICTORY COPE WITH THIS FANTASTIC SITUATION THAT IS TO FOLLOW?? READ ON, AND LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MAD MONSTER!



OUR STORY OPENS IN FRONT OF THE NATIONAL THEATRE, IN WASHINGTON!

JOAN, -- I'D LOVE TO SEE THIS SHOW!

SOUNDS INTERESTING! LET'S GET OUR TICKETS NOW!



NO ONE SUSPECTS THAT JOAN WAYNE, TIMID LITTLE STENOGRAPHER FROM CAPITOL HILL IS THE AMAZING MISS VICTORY!

ARE THEY GOOD SEATS JOAN?

CENTER ORCHESTRA! -- YOU KNOW, ELLA, -- IT'S SO STRANGE! THAT THEATRE HAS BEEN ABANDONED FOR YEARS! -- IT'S PECULIAR THAT THEY SHOULD OPEN IT UP FOR A SINGLE PERFORMANCE!





MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE  
THIS IS SOME  
SPECIAL SHOW!

PERHAPS,  
-- BUT  
STILL IT'S  
VERY  
STRANGE!



THAT  
NIGHT,  
WE FIND  
OUR TWO  
FRIENDS  
SEATED  
IN THE  
VAST  
THEATRE  
AWAITING  
THE  
APPEARANCE  
OF  
COUNT  
ZOVA  
AND HIS  
TALKING  
APE !!

WELL-- I'LL HAVE SEEN ABOUT  
EVERYTHING, WHEN I SEE  
A TALKING APE !!

ME TOO!!  
--MAYBE IT'S  
THE MISSING  
LINK!



THE HOUSE LIGHTS DIM, -- THE FOOTLIGHTS GO ON, --  
AND THE CURTAINS PART--

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN---  
WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, I  
WOULD LIKE TO PRESENT---  
MAZA--THE TALKING  
APE !!



KEEP YOUR EYES  
ON THAT CABINET  
YOU ARE IN FOR  
A SURPRISE!!



THE DOOR OF THE CABINET SLOWLY  
OPENS -- AND --



GOOD HEAVENS, JOAN!!  
WHAT'S THE MEANING  
OF THIS ???

THIS IS UTTERLY  
FANTASTIC--- WHY--  
WHO--WHO IS IT??





**FOOLS!** TONIGHT YOU WILL KNOW THE MEANING OF NAZI STRENGTH!-- KEEP YOUR SEATS, ALL OF YOU, AND **LISTEN!**



THIS APE HAS ENOUGH HIGH EXPLOSIVES IN THAT BOX TO DEMOLISH THIS WHOLE BLOCK OF BUILDINGS!-- AND WE INTEND TO DO IT! **HEIL HITLER!**



**PANIC SWEEPS THE THEATRE, AS A MAD, HEADLONG RUSH IS MADE FOR THE EXITS!!**

WHY--WHY-- HE MUST BE A **MANIAC!**

THIS LOOKS BAD!-- SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!!



**HELP!**

LEM'ME OUT!

WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!



HASTILY REMOVING HER OUTER CLOTHES, SHE STANDS REVEALED AS---

--**MISS VICTORY!** I THINK YOU'VE GOT QUITE A LITTLE JOB ON YOUR HANDS!!



SEPARATED FROM ELLA IN THE FEAR-STRICKEN MOB, --JOAN DARTS DOWN THE SIDE AISLE OF THE THEATRE!!

I'VE TANGLED WITH EVERYTHING BUT AN APE!--- WELL-- HERE GOES!



**RUNNING UP THE SPIRAL STAIRS, SHE FORMS HER PLANS!**

ONCE I'M UP IN THE CATWALK OVER THE STAGE, --I'LL HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OVER THIS BEAST!





AS THE TERROR STRICKEN AUDIENCE SCRAMBLE FOR SAFETY, THEY ARE HALTED BY ZOVA'S VOICE, BOOMING OVER THE LOUD SPEAKER SYSTEM!

**SWINE! PEASANTS!**  
YOU CAN'T ESCAPE! -- THE  
DOORS OF THE THEATRE ARE  
LOCKED AUTOMATICALLY. --  
WE WILL ALL PERISH  
TOGETHER! FOR THE  
THIRD REICH--  
HE-HE-HE-HE-HE

BUT, -- HIGH ABOVE THE STAGE

THAT'S WHAT YOU  
THINK -- YOU IDIOT!

WITHOUT A SECOND'S HESITATION, THE  
BRAVE GIRL LEAPS FROM THE CATWALK!!

THIS TIME BOMB GOES OFF  
IN EXACTLY THREE MINUTES!!  
LISTEN, -- WHILE I GIVE YOU  
A LITTLE LECTURE ON  
GERMAN SUPERIORITY!

-- I'LL TAKE OVER  
FROM NOW ON --  
YOU MADMAN!!

OOF!!

Twisting ZOVA'S BODY  
BACK IN A JUDO HOLD,  
MISS VICTORY ISSUES  
ORDERS!

TELL THAT OVERSIZED  
MONKEY OF YOURS TO SHUT  
OFF THAT TIME BOMB, -- OR  
I'LL --

AGGGHHH!!

GO! GO! -- THROUGH  
THE WINGS (UGGHH) UP  
TO THE -- ROOF!!  
**ESCAPE!!**





THAT'S MISS VICTORY!  
COME ON!! LET'S HELP!

THE APE!  
HE'S GETTING  
AWAY!



THE INFURIATED AUDIENCE TURN UPON  
THE BOGUS COUNT ZOVA!!

THE DIRTY  
NAZI SABOTEUR!  
--WE'LL FIX HIS  
WAGON!

WHERE'S MISS  
VICTORY?



AT THAT MOMENT,  
MISS VICTORY IS OUT  
FOR BIGGER GAME! -- THE  
ESCAPED APE WITH THE TIME  
BOMB!

WAIT'LL I GET  
MY HANDS ON  
THAT BUNDLE  
OF FUR!!

FERRIFIED PEDESTRIANS STARE AT THIS MOST  
UNUSUAL SIGHT!!!

AIEEEEEEE!!!  
HEIL HITLER!

COUNT ZOVA  
DIDN'T LIE! -- THIS  
APE REALLY CAN  
TALK!!!



WITH A FLYING LEAP, THE APE CRASPS  
THE METAL LADDER ATTACHED TO THE  
THEATRE'S HUGE ELECTRIC SIGN!!

SO...? HE'S AN  
ACROBAT TOO!



HER YEARS OF CIRCUS TRAINING AS AN  
AERIAL PERFORMER IS PUT TO GOOD USE!

AIEEEEEEE!  
HEIL HITLER!

MADE IT!





WHEN WE BOTH REACH THE ROOF THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE! --WHY DIDN'T THAT TIME BOMB GO OFF??



AND--BELOW ON THE STREET--  
TURN ON THE TIME BOMB! TURN IT ON NOW!

SHUT UP, YOU RAT!



ON THE ROOF TOP, HIGH ABOVE THE STREET!!

YEOW! --HE'S GOING TO SET THE TIME MECHANISM!



AHHHH!--THREE MINUTES!--I MADE IT!

YOU BIG BABOON!



SO? -- A WOMAN WOULD FIGHT ME, EH??

YEOWWW!



GETTING DOWN THE DEADLY TIME BOMB -- THE APE COMES FORWARD TO FINISH OFF MISS VICTORY--

AND NOW I TAKE CARE OF YOU, YOU MEDDLING FEMALE!



SKILLFULLY DUCKING HER HUGE ADVERSARY, MISS VICTORY PREPARES TO DO BATTLE!

I PUMMEL YOU TO A PULP I--WHA?

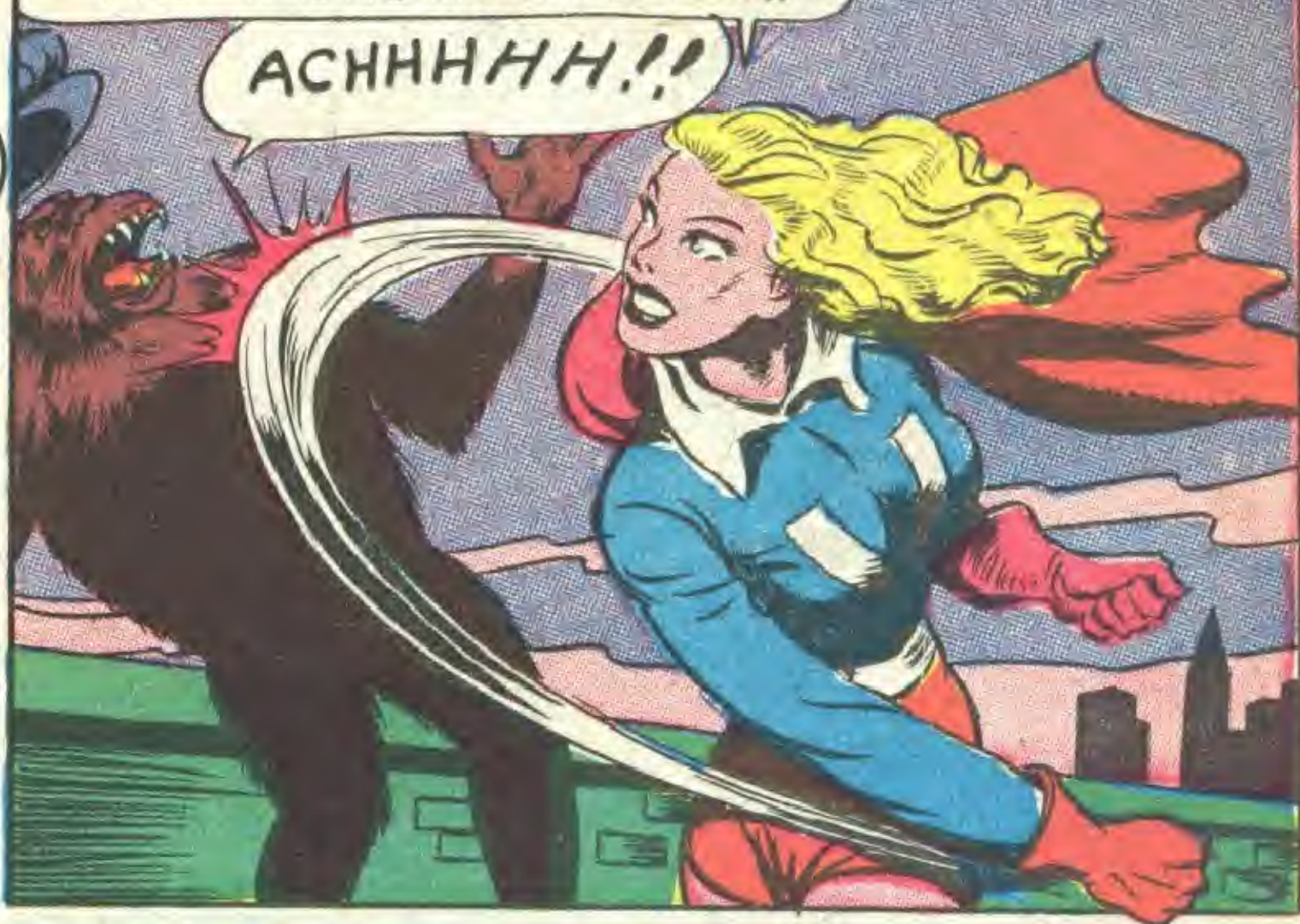
THE BIGGER THEY ARE, --THE HARDER THEY FALL!



SQUARING THE BIG APE OFF, MISS VICTORY LETS FLY WITH HER FAMOUS "VICTORY PUNCH"!

-- AND YOU'RE NO EXCEPTION!

ACHHHHHH!!



STAGGERED BY THE TERRIFIC BLOW, THE APE TOTTERS BACKWARDS

AIEEEE



AND IN A MOMENT, MISS VICTORY HAS THE INFERNAL MACHINE IN HER HANDS---

30 SECONDS TO GO! --CAUGHT IT JUST IN TIME--! THE POLICE CAN TAKE OVER NOW!



--THAT'S RIGHT!-- ZOVA WAS A GERMAN AGENT! HE RENTED THE THEATRE FOR ONE NIGHT--HE PLANNED TO TERRORIZE WASHINGTON-- HIS ASSISTANT DISGUISED HIMSELF AS AN APE, AND WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR MISS VICTORY!

YOU'RE TELLING ME??

GEE, -- SHE SURE GETS AROUND, JOAN!



NOW TO GET BACK IN MY STREET CLOTHES, AND FIND ELLA! --POOR GIRL, SHE PROBABLY THINKS I GOT LOST!



MISS VICTORY WOULD LIKE TO HEAR FROM ALL HER BOY AND GIRL PEN PALS -- Write to her at -- CAPT AERO Comics 220 WEST 42nd ST. N.Y.C.





*Capt. Peter Hall's Pledge*  
As the Red Cross,  
I solemnly pledge to  
alleviate all human  
suffering caused by  
inhuman warfare ---

# THE RED CROSS



MASTER of MODERN  
MEDICAL ARTS



**A** VICIOUS HATE-FILLED  
MAN WITHOUT A FACE  
WHOSE ONCE MAGNIFICENT  
MIND IS NOW CLOUDED  
WITH THE SWIRLING SLIMY  
POISON OF **REVENGE**  
AND **RETRIBUTION!** ---  
SUCH IS THE MENACE THAT  
THE MIGHTY **RED CROSS** HAS  
TO DO BATTLE WITH! CAN HE  
MATCH BRAIN AND BRAWN  
AGAINST THIS FIEND? - READ ON,  
AND LEARN THE HATEFUL SECRET  
OF **THE MAN WHO LOST**  
HIS FACE!

Art by JACK ALDERMAN  
Story by THOR CARLIE



OUR STORY OPENS SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHEN THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN, WERE ON FRIENDLY TERMS! -- AT THE UNIVERSITY OF SIDHAM, IN MONTANA, PROFESSOR YUKI MARA, PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY IS ABOUT TO ENTER HIS CLASS ROOM FOR THE USUAL DAYS ACTIVITIES

STUPID AMERICAN STUDENTS!-- HOW I WISH I WERE BACK IN JAPAN, INSTEAD OF THIS ACCURSED COUNTRY!



LATER--

---AND NOW FOR MY FINAL DEMONSTRATION!-- MISS FELLER, WILL YOU STEP FORWARD!?



BE CAREFUL, --MISS FELLER, THAT'S VITRIOLIC ACID-- AND VERY DANGEROUS!



BUT SUDDENLY, A TONGUE OF FLAME ACCIDENTLY LEAPS UP FROM THE BUNSEN BURNER, AND TOUCHES LUCY'S ARM

OH!



THE BURNING ACID SEARS INTO THE PROFESSOR'S FACE, AS THE HORRIFIED CLASS LOOKS ON!!

ARRGHR! MY FACE-- MY EYES!!

OH, GOOD HEAVENS!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER---

CHICK-- TELL ME-- HOW IS PROFESSOR MARA TODAY??

JUST THE SAME!-- HE'S HORRIBLY DISFIGURED! HE WON'T LET ANYONE SEE HIS FACE! --HE SAYS HE'S GOING BACK TO JAPAN!



I FEEL SO TERRIBLE ABOUT IT!-- TO THINK, I WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR SUCH AN AWFUL TRAGEDY!

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, LUCY! IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT. IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ANYONE!





THAT NIGHT THE PROFESSOR MAKES A MASK OF A RUBBER PLASTIC COMPOUND!



HA!--SO--MY FACE IS RUINED BUT--MY MIND ISN'T!-- I'LL MAKE THESE STUPID AMERICANS PAY FOR THIS, ONCE I AM BACK IN THE LAND OF MY BIRTH!



HIS MIND, NOW A COMPLETELY HATE FILLED SPONGE--THINKS OF ONLY ONE THING --- REVENGE!!

I SWEAR BY MY HONORED ANCESTORS, THAT I WILL AVENGE THIS HORRIBLE MISFORTUNE THAT HAS COME TO ME--SOME DAY WHEN THE EMBLEM OF THE RISING SUN FLIES OVER AMERICAN SOIL!!



ALREADY--THE RUMBLINGS OF WAR WERE BEGINNING TO BE HEARD!-- THEN--ON THAT FATEFUL SEVENTH DAY OF DECEMBER--1941!!

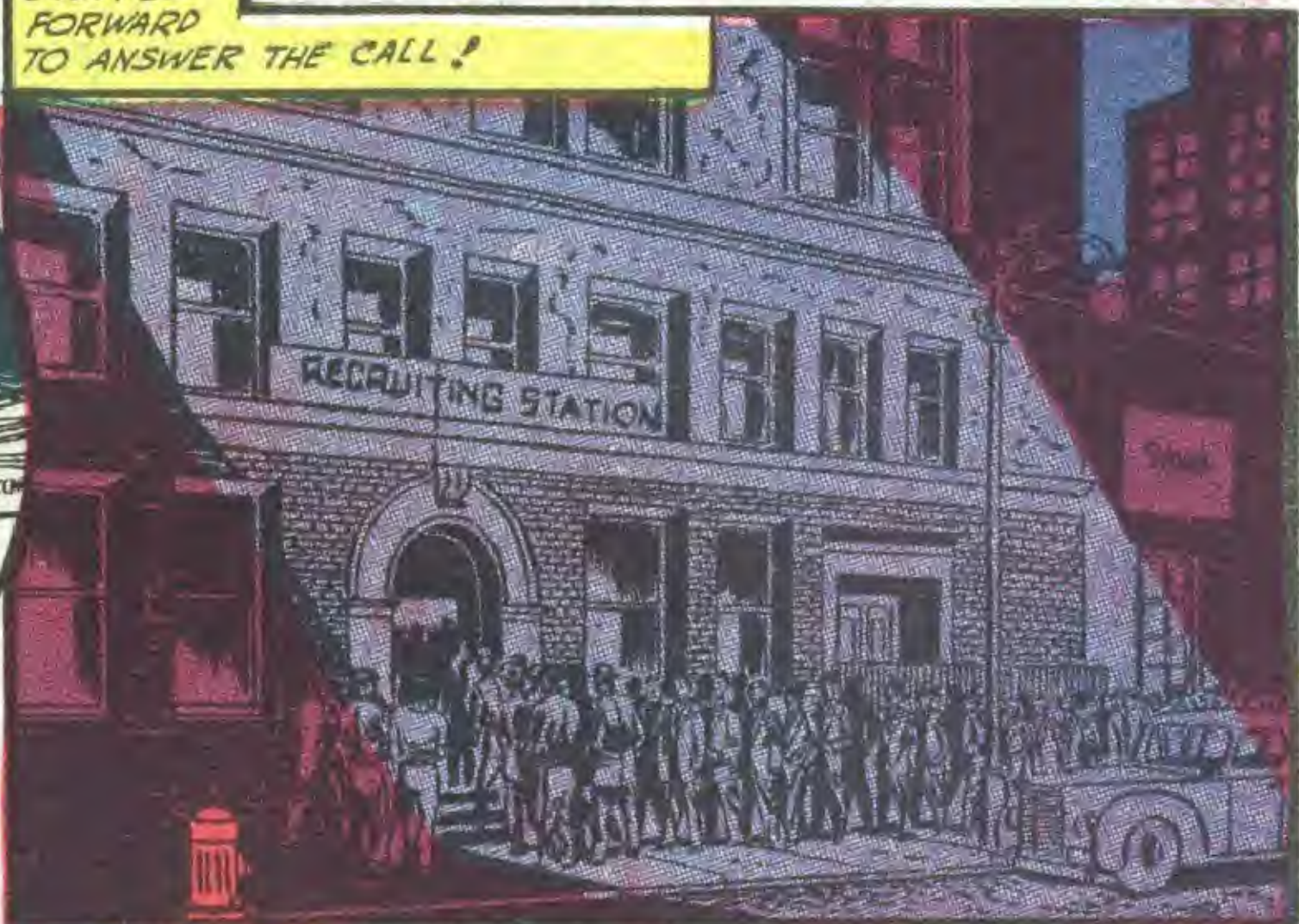
IN AMERICA--MILLIONS STEPPED FORWARD TO ANSWER THE CALL!

EXTRA! EXTRA!

WAR  
JAPS ATTACK PEARL HARBOR

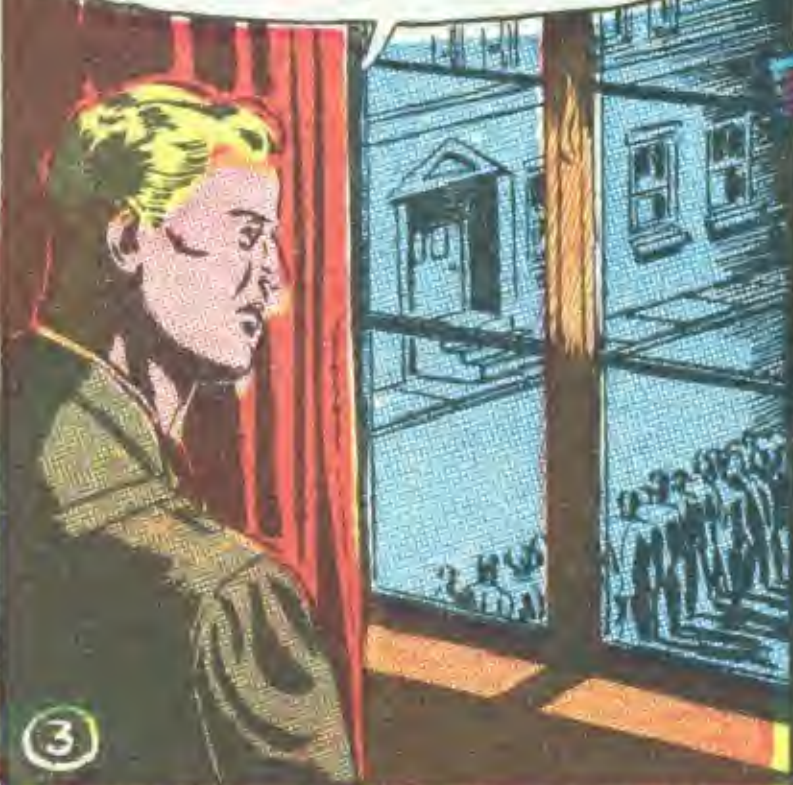


RECRUITING STATION



AND, CAPTAIN PETER HALL,--LOOKING OUT AT SCENES LIKE THIS EACH DAY, REFLECTS TO HIMSELF!!

MORE MEN!--MEN WHO WILL BE KILLED!--THE MEDICAL PROFESSION MUST HAVE A GUIDING SPIRIT, WATCHFUL, AND PROTECTING---



THIS WAS BORN A MIGHTY CHARACTER--DESTINED TO FLING A CHALLENGE AT THE MASTERS OF UNCIVILIZED WARFARE--THE INDOMITABLE RED CROSS!



AND TWO YEARS LATER,--ON AN ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF JAVA, CAPTAIN PETER HALL SETS UP QUARTERS!!

WHA--? WHAT'S WRONG?

ARRGHRR! POISON WATER!--ARRGHRR!







TELL ME -- WHERE?  
WHERE?

UP RIVER -- MANY  
VILLAGES -- MANY  
PEOPLE --  
UGHRRR -- !!



LUCY FELLER, NOW A NURSE  
COMES RUNNING INTO THE  
SCENE, AS THE NATIVE SLUMPS  
TO THE GROUND DEAD!!

WHAT  
HAPPENED,  
CAPTAIN  
HALL??

POOR FELLOW!  
--DEAD-- FROM  
POISONED  
DRINKING  
WATER

BUT--BUT--  
THAT'S MURDER!  
THESE NATIVES  
ARE UNARMED  
AND HELPLESS!

THOSE  
BROWN  
DEVILS  
WILL STOP  
AT NOTHING!  
BUT I'M  
GOING TO DO  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT!

DONNING HIS COSTUME OF "THE AVENGER OF  
UNCIVILIZED WARFARE", OUR GALLANT CAPTAIN  
STARTS OUT THAT NIGHT!!



I'M TAKING MY LIFE IN  
MY HANDS, DOING THIS!  
--THE JUNGLE IS  
SWARMING WITH  
JAP SCOUTING  
PARTIES!



UNKNOWN  
TO THE  
RED CROSS  
--HE HAS BEEN  
SEEN BY  
NURSE LUCY  
FELLER

THE RED CROSS!  
I'M GOING TO  
FOLLOW HIM, AND  
SEE WHERE HE'S  
HEADING!

CONTINUING UPSTREAM, THE RED CROSS  
DOES NOT KNOW HE IS BEING WATCHED BY  
MANY EYES!!



RED CROSS!  
SHALL I DISPOSE  
OF HIM HONORED  
ONE?

NO! NO! THIS IS A  
RARE DELIGHT!--  
WE WILL ALLOW HIM  
TO PADDLE STRAIGHT  
TO OUR  
HEADQUARTERS!



LOOK!--  
ANOTHER  
DELIGHTFUL  
AMERICAN WAR  
NURSE!

CAPTURE THE  
WHITE-SKINNED  
WOMAN!-- COLONEL  
MARA WILL BE  
MUCH PLEASED  
AT ALL THIS!



TAKEN UNAWARE, POOR LUCY IS QUICKLY MADE PRISONER!

QUIET!-- WHITE GIRL, OR I SNAP YOUR ARM OFF!!

OH!  
UGH!



SILENTLY, THE PARTY WITH THE GAGGED GIRL MOVE FORWARD--

WE WILL CAPTURE RED CROSS AT MOUTH OF RIVER, WHERE COLONEL HAS QUARTERS! COME, --MOVE QUICKLY!



AND NOT SUSPECTING THE DANGER AHEAD--THE RED CROSS SILENTLY PADDLES THE FRAIL CRAFT ACROSS THE RIVER!

FUNNY, -- SOMEHOW I FEEL-- SOMETHING'S IN THE AIR!!



RED CROSS IS RIGHT!-- FOR, NO SOONER HAS HE CLAMBERED UP THE BANK OF THE RIVER, WHEN--

PLEASE TO PUT UP YOUR HANDS!-- OR BE MOWED DOWN BY GUNFIRE

WHA-- ?? NURSE FELLER!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?



SHE CHOSE TO FOLLOW YOU--WITH A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY!-- SHE WILL PAY A HEAVY PRICE FOR HER RASHNESS!

LISTEN-- YOU SQUINT EYED LITTLE MONKEY!



SO-- I'M YOUR PRISONER, 'EH? --I'LL MAKE THE TOUGHEST PRISONER YOU EVER SAW!!



BIND HIM!-- TAKE HIM TO THE COLONEL'S MARA!-- QUICK! HE WILL THINK OF AN EXQUISITE TORTURE FOR HIM!





OUTNUMBERED, THE BRAVE RED CROSS IS FORCED TO SURRENDER TO THE WIRY LITTLE NIPPONESE!

AND TWENTY MINUTES LATER, -- THEY ARE FACE TO FACE WITH THE MOST FEARED MAN ON THE ISLAND OF JAVA, -- COLONEL MARA!

OUR HONORABLE COLONEL WILL KNOW HOW TO MAKE YOU REGRET THIS DAY!

BUTTON YOUR LIP, NIP!

TWO PRESENTS FOR YOU, HONORED ONE!

WHAT? -- NO! -- IT CAN'T BE!



A GLEAM OF RECOGNITION COMES INTO MARA'S BEADY EYES --

SO -- FATE HAS BROUGHT US TOGETHER! -- YOU SPILLED ACID ON MY FACE! -- HOW KIND DESTINY IS! -- NO TORTURE IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU!



BUT -- IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! -- I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT!

BAH! -- YOU LIE! -- YOU AND ALL THE OTHER STUDENTS HATED ME! -- NOW YOU WILL RECEIVE THE SAME TORTURE! -- BIND HER TO THE WALL!



THE HELPLESS GIRL IS PINIONED TO THE WALL, -- AS THE STRUGGLING RED CROSS LOOKS ON --

YOU FIEND! -- RELEASE HER, YOU BROWN DOG!

SHUT UP PIG! I'LL ATTEND TO YOU LATER!



WOW! -- YOUR BEAUTIFUL FACE WILL BE MADE HIDEOUS, -- LIKE MINE!! -- YOU WILL BE FORCED TO WEAR A MASK! -- LIKE I DO!!!

NO! NO! NO!



UNABLE TO WITNESS THE INHUMAN SIGHT -- THE RED CROSS TEARS AWAY FROM HIS CAPTORS WITH A SUPER-HUMAN EFFORT!!

YOU SCUM OF THE EARTH!! -- I'LL KILL ALL OF YOU FOR THIS!!



YII! OUCH! OW!!

YOU DIRTY WATER POISONERS DEATH WOULD BE TOO GOOD FOR YOU!!





**GRABBING A SUB-MACHINE GUN, FROM A FALLEN JAP--THE RED CROSS OPENS FIRE!**

YOU ASKED FOR IT, NIPS-- SO HERE'S WHERE YOU GET IT!

**AGHRR!**



**---AND SOON THE TRUSSED UP GIRL IS RELEASED!!**

COME ON-- WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!



**LOOK! WE'RE IN LUCK! -- THERE'S A MOTOR-BOAT OVER THERE!**



**AND-- A FEW MINUTES LATER!**

IF OUR LUCK HOLDS OUT -- WE'LL MAKE IT!

THEN, WHAT HAPPENS?



THEN A COUPLE OF OUR BOMBERS MAKE A LITTLE TRIP UP HERE!



**MAKING THE JOURNEY IN SAFETY, THE RED CROSS TAKES LEAVE OF THE NURSE--!!**

YOU'LL GET BACK TO THE BASE SAFELY! -- INFORM CAPTAIN HALL OF WHAT HAPPENED,-- AND TELL HIM TO SEND BOMBERS HERE IMMEDIATELY!

YES-- I'LL TELL HIM, **RED CROSS!**



**RACING BACK TO THE CAMP, AHEAD OF NURSE FELLER,--THE RED CROSS QUICKLY SLIPS BACK INTO HIS CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM!**

CAPTAIN HALL! LISTEN!

**WHAT!**



**QUICKLY, SHE TELLS HIM OF WHAT HAPPENED!**

THE **RED CROSS** EH? HE CERTAINLY MANAGES TO GET AROUND!-- I'LL COMMUNICATE WITH GENERAL HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE!-- A FEW BOMBS WILL END THE MENACE OF POISONED WATER!



**AND A COUPLE OF HOURS LATER,-- AT THE JAP BASE!**

--WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS NIPPOS!!

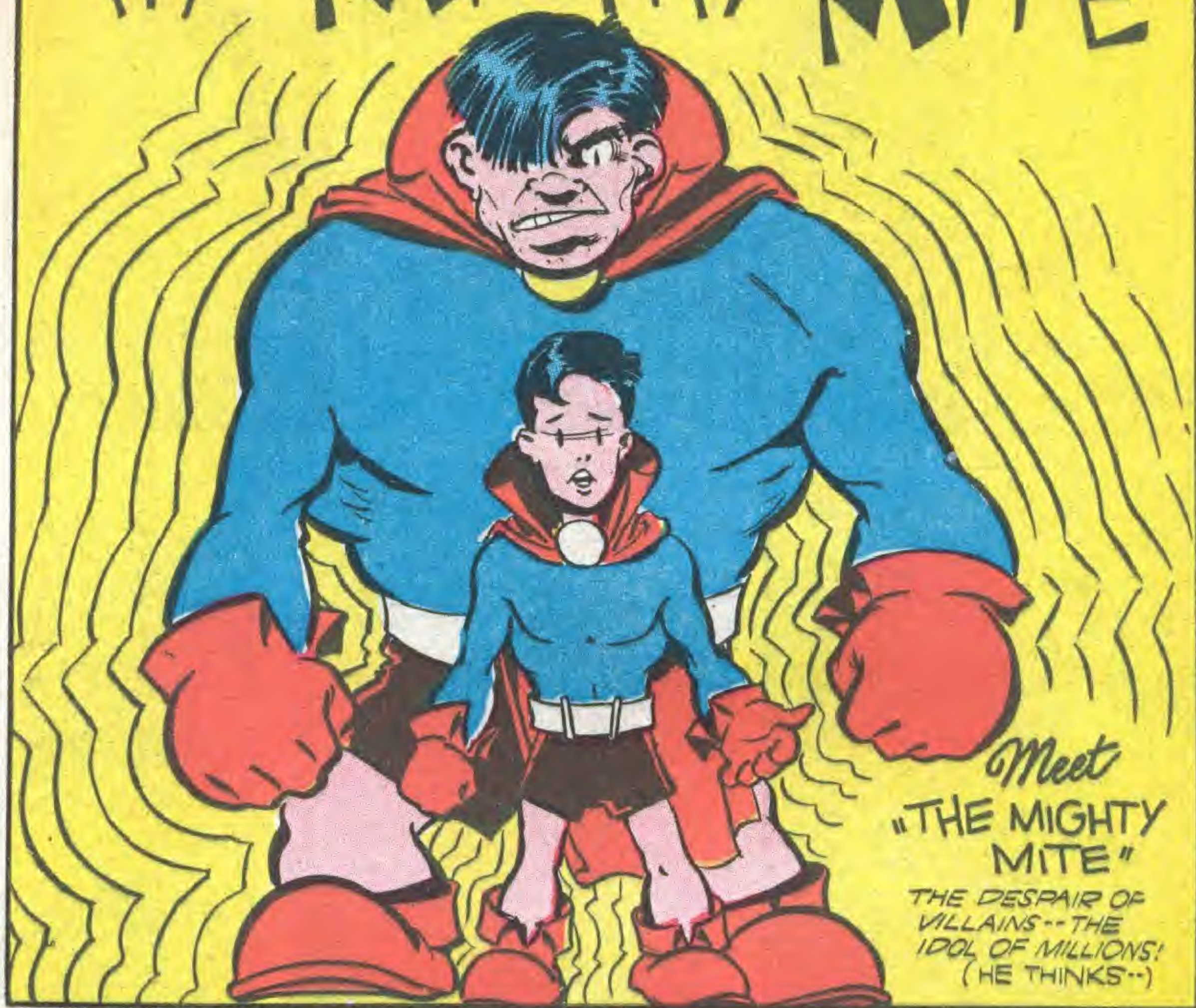
YEAH!-- THANKS TO THE **RED CROSS!**



DON'T FAIL TO READ "**THE RED CROSS**" AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **Captain AERO COMICS**



# The MIGHTY MITE



Meet  
"THE MIGHTY  
MITE"

THE DESPAIR OF  
VILLAINS--THE  
IDOL OF MILLIONS!  
(HE THINKS--)



WILL YOU COME TO  
MY COSTUME PARTY,  
THURSDAY NIGHT,  
MICKEY?

GOSH--  
WITH YOU  
THERE, TEENA,  
I'LL COME  
ANYTIME!

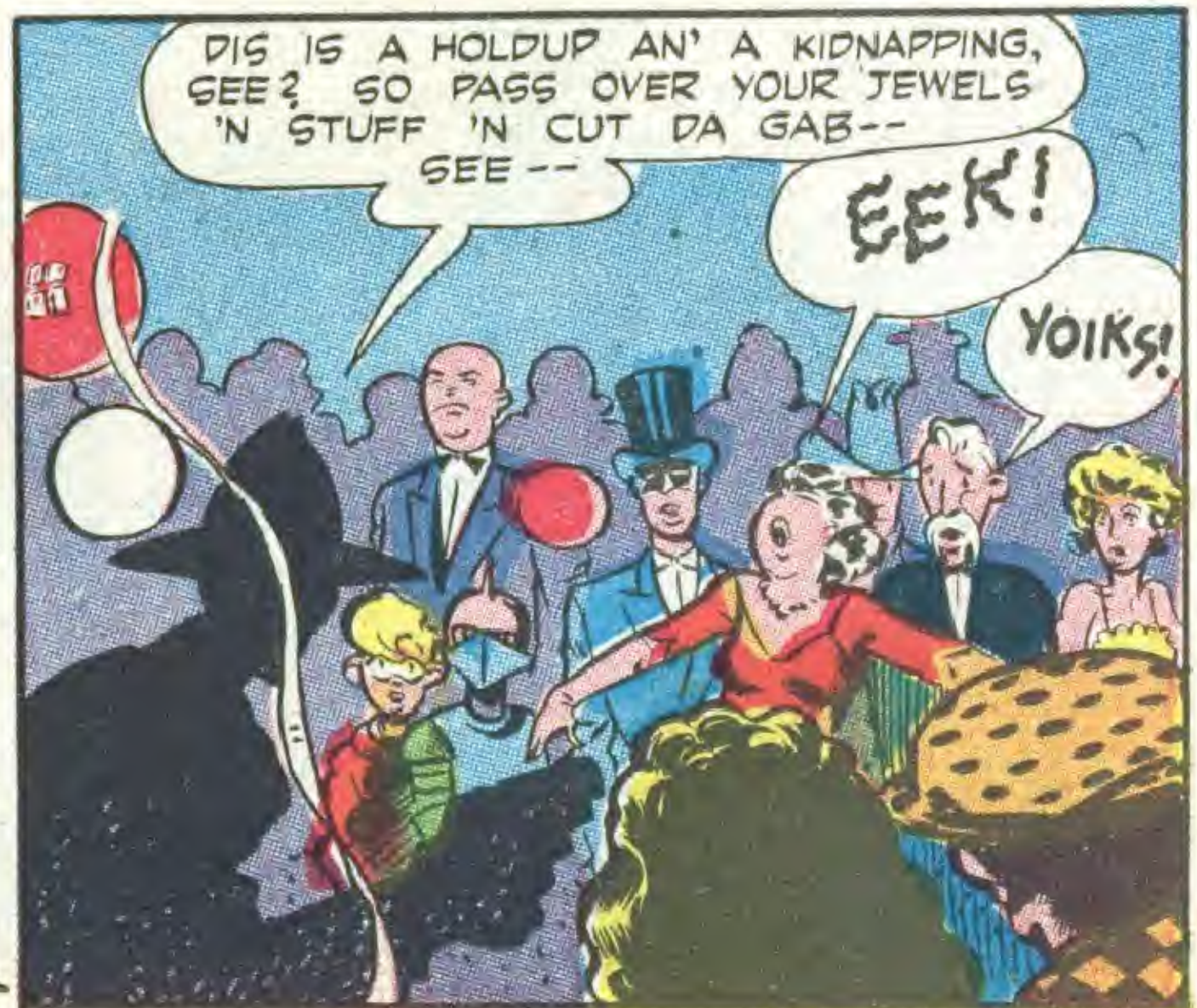


MICKEY,  
YOU SAY SUCH  
CUTE THINGS!

AW--  
IT'S  
NOTHING --



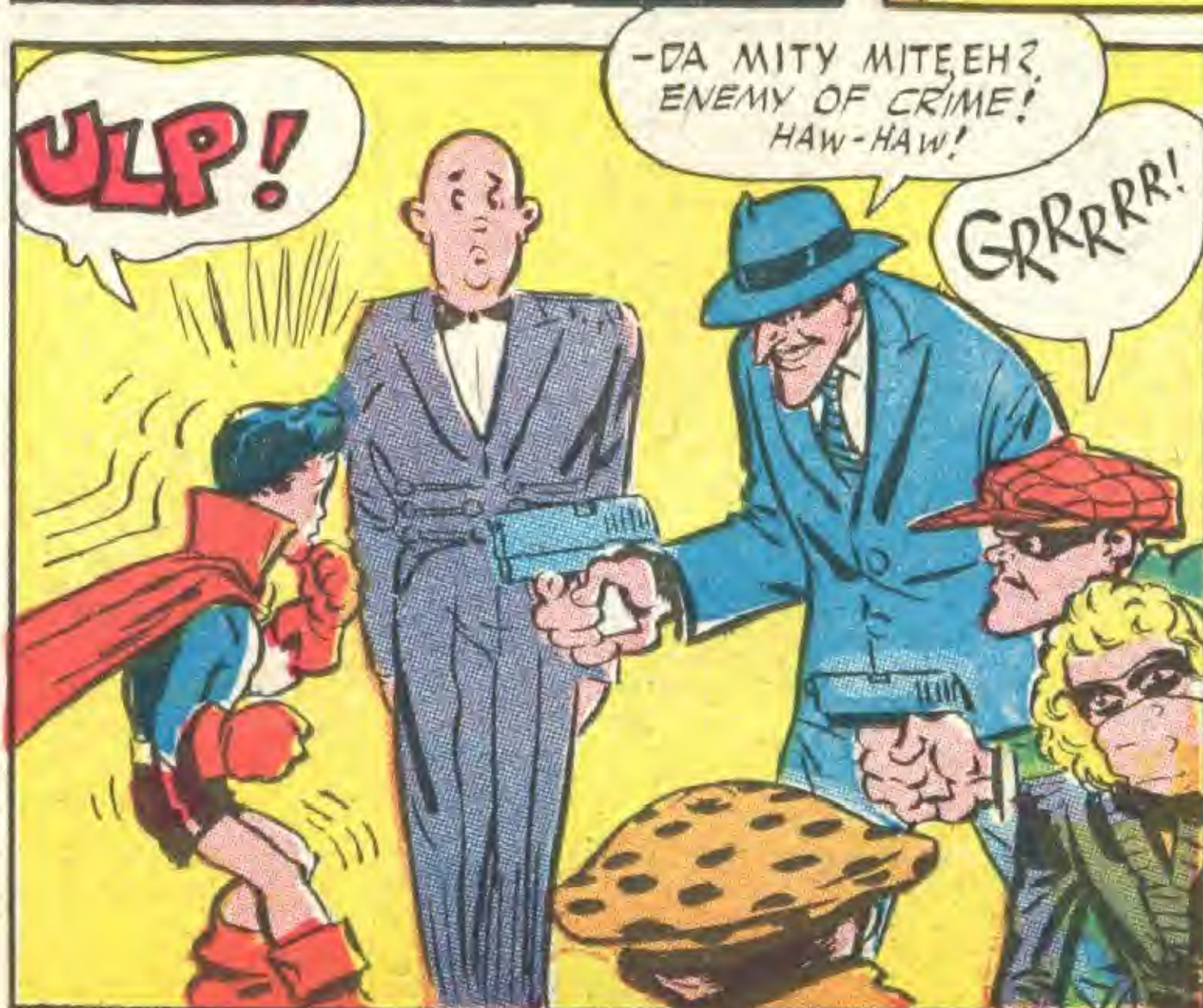
-- AND SO  
TIME GOES  
BY...  
THE  
NIGHT  
OF  
THE  
COSTUME  
BALL  
ARRIVES.



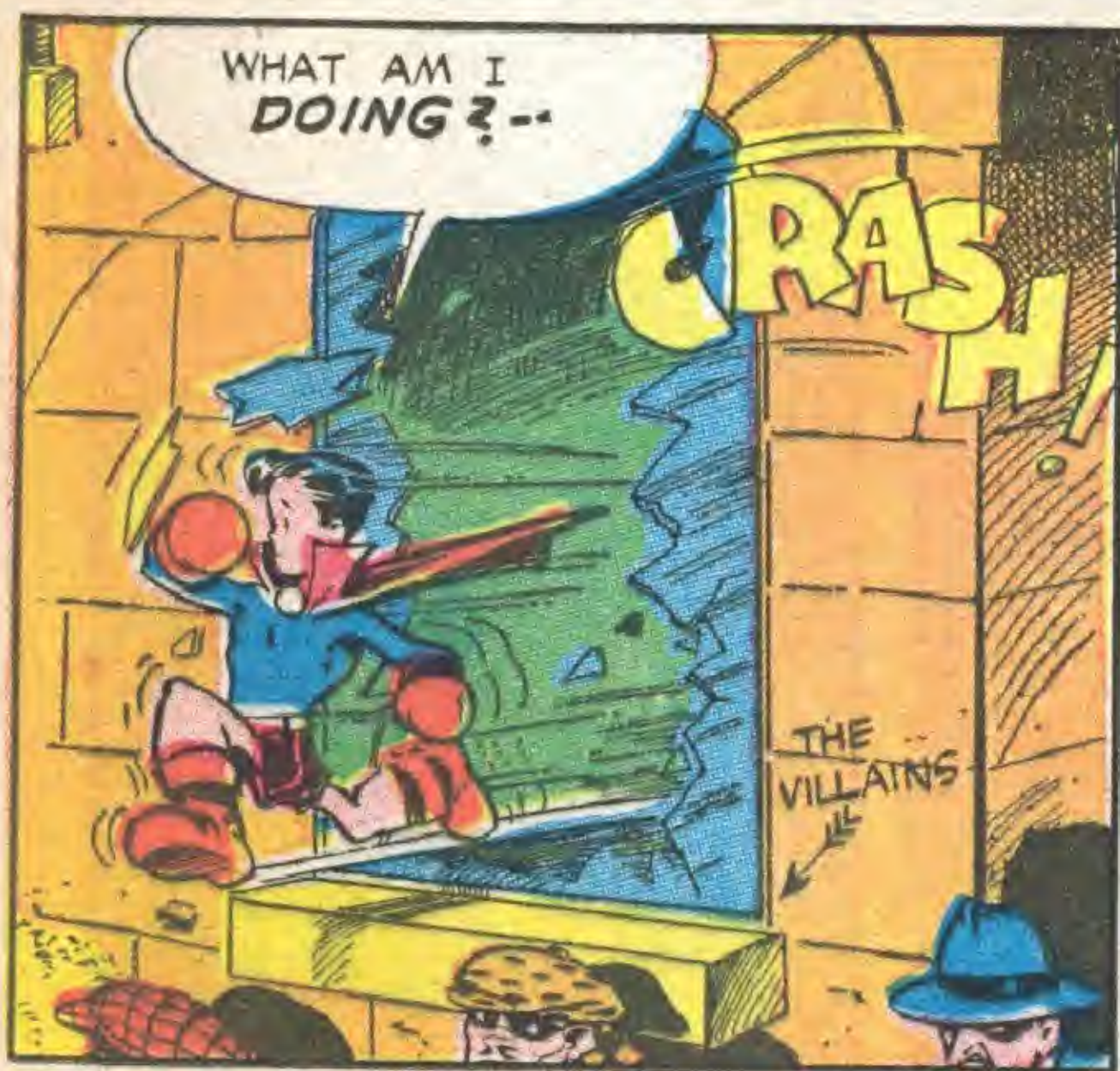
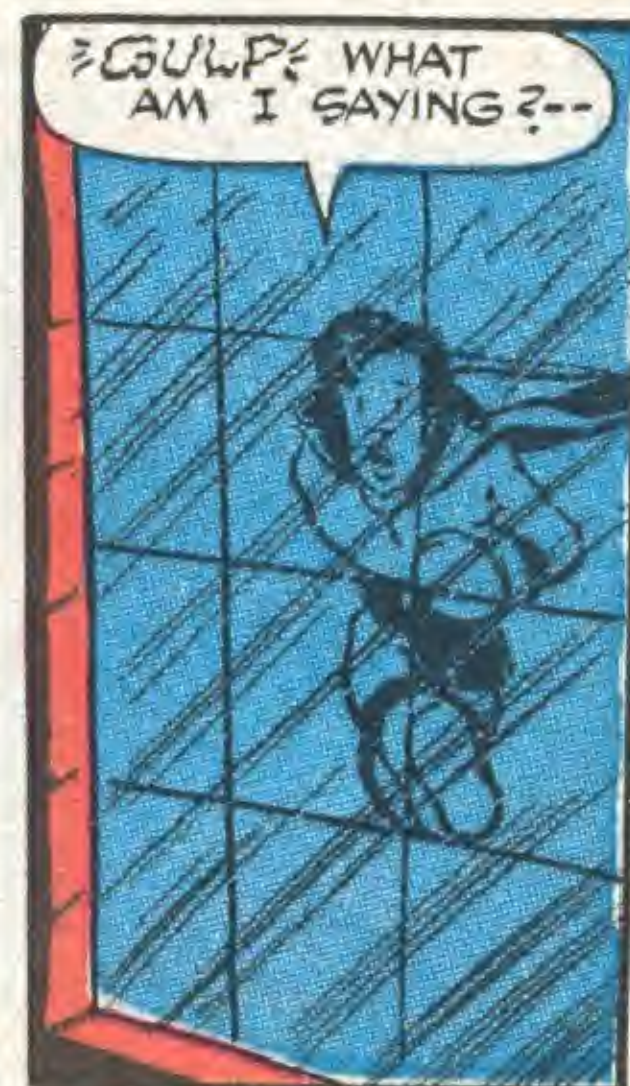
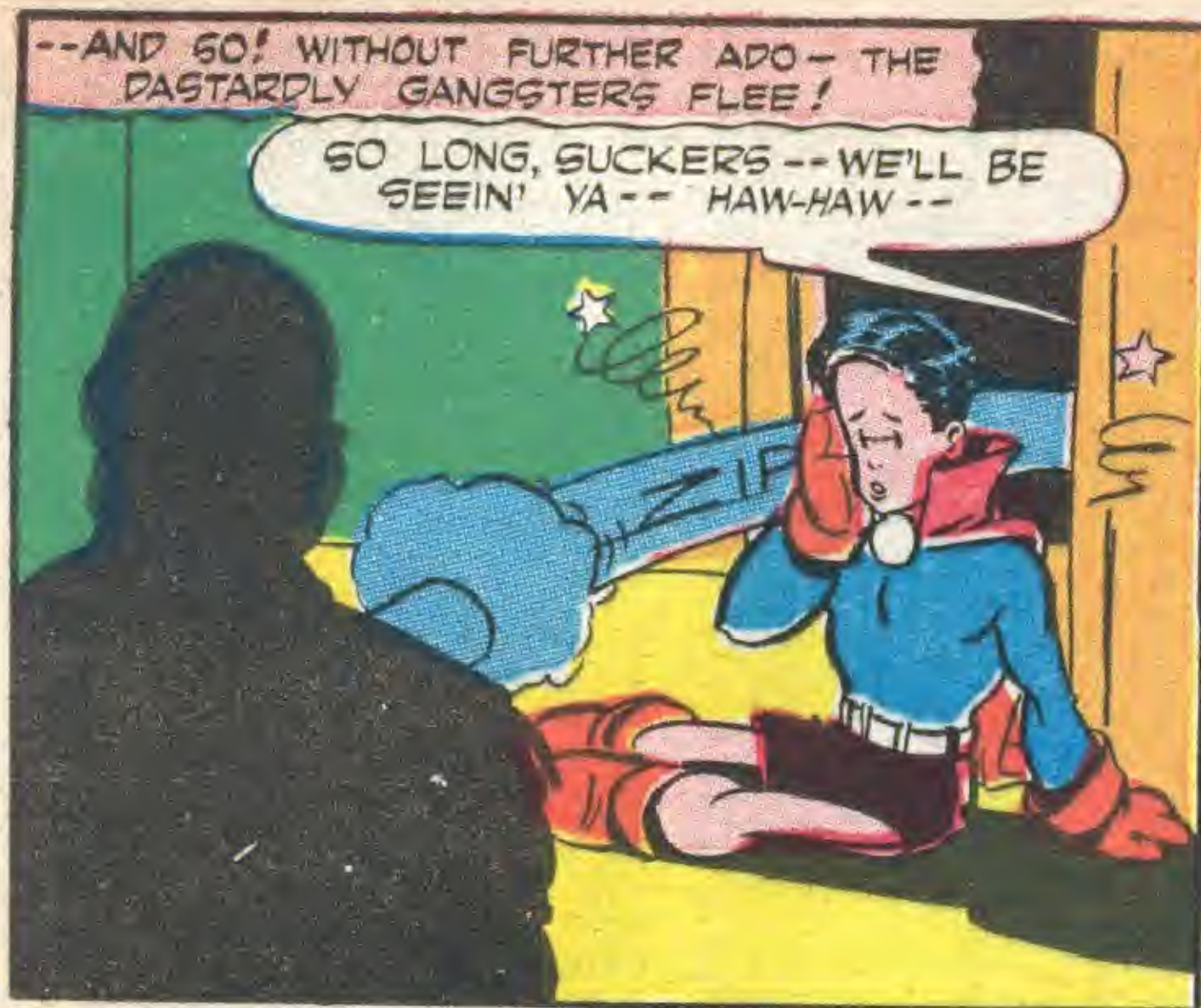




...THE  
**MIGHTY  
MITE!**...  
MASTER OF MEN!  
ENEMY OF  
CRIME!!



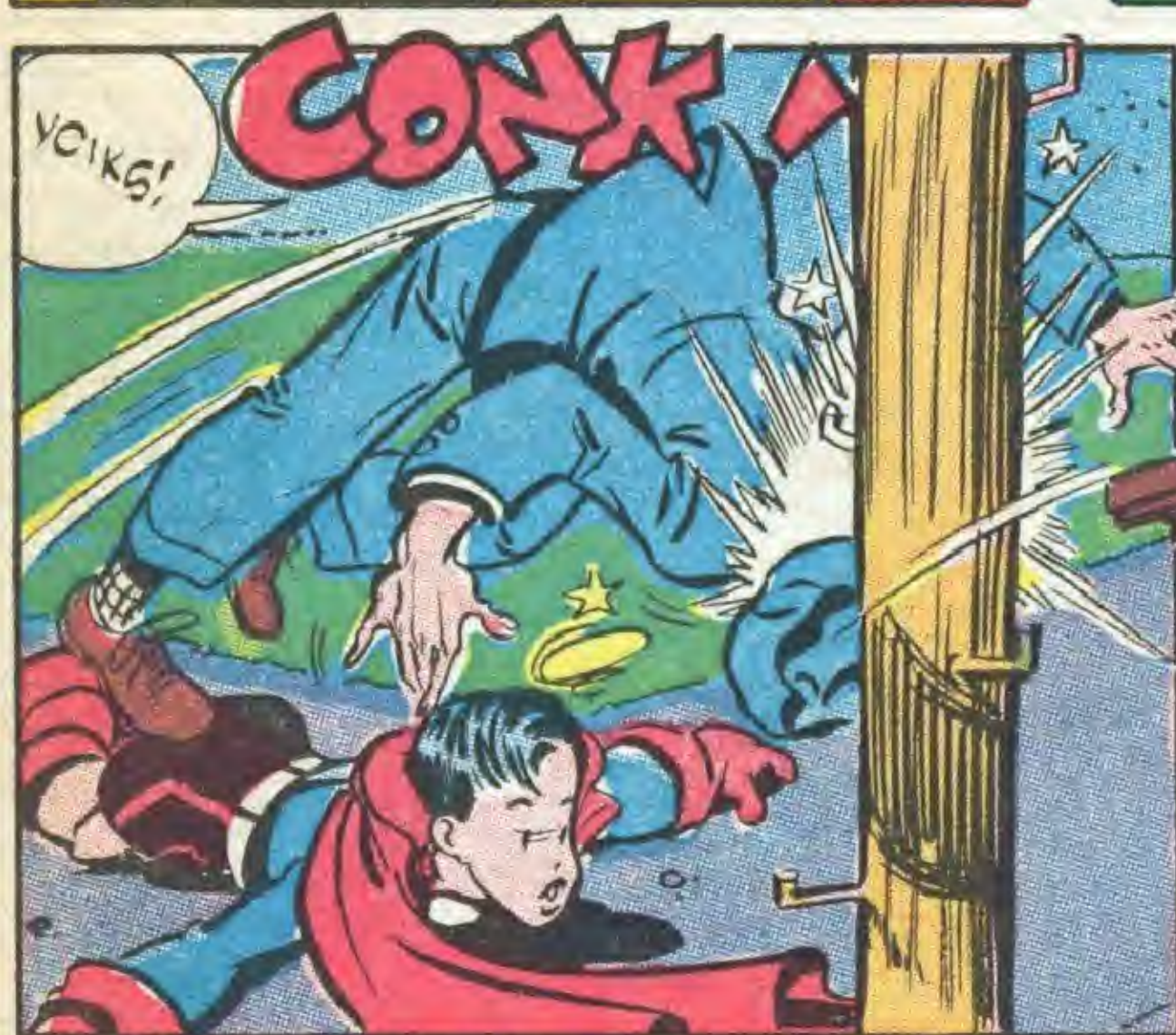
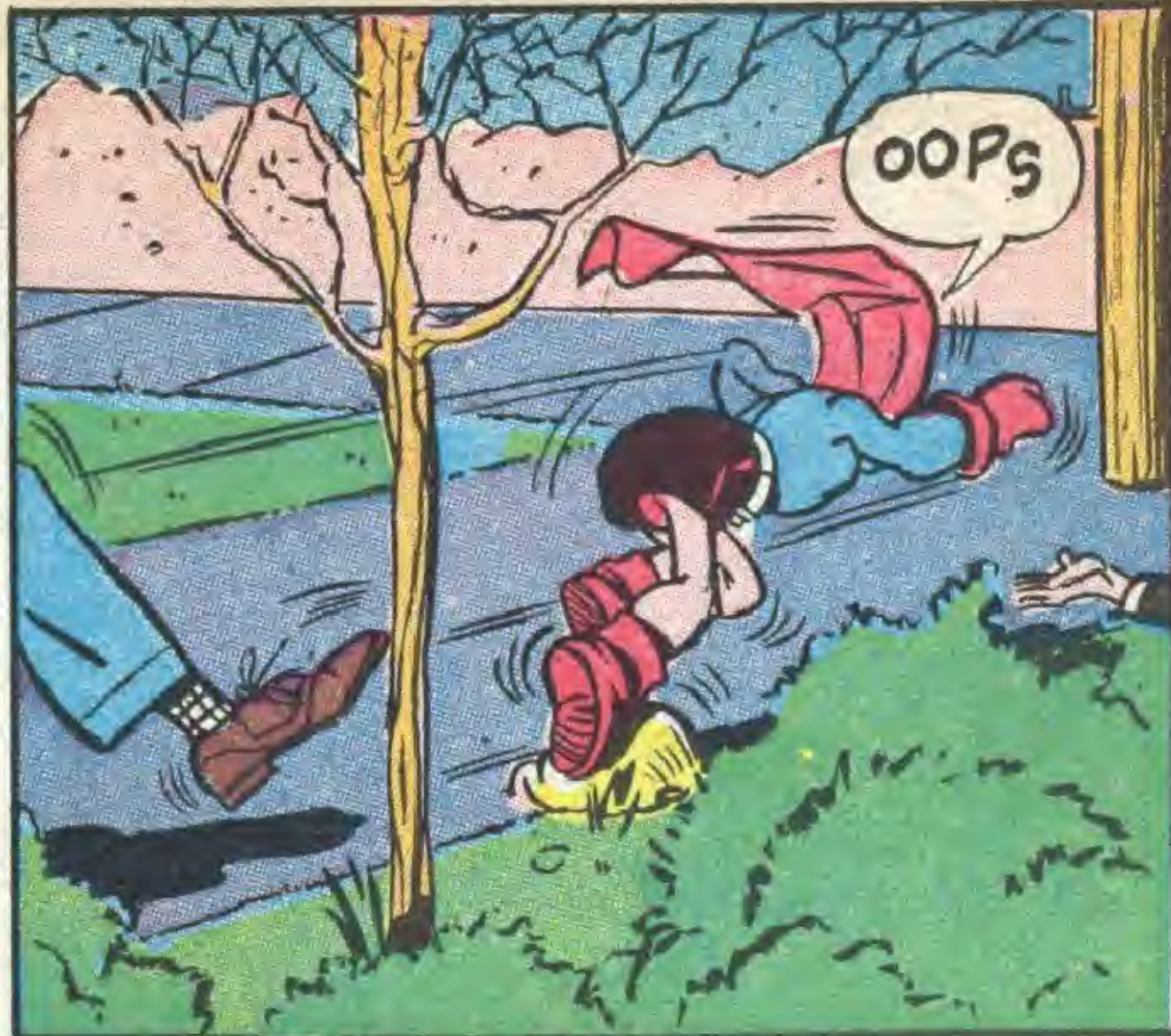












HI, YA, KIDS!  
HOW DO YOU LIKE  
"The MIGHTY MITE"?  
HOW'S ABOUT DROPPING HIM A LINE--TODAY?  
at  
**ET-ES-GO**  
MAGAZINES  
220 W. 42ND. ST.,  
NEW YORK, N.Y.



# "ITSIE CHECKS OUT"



"'Itsie'?" echoed tail gunner Sam Floss. "Boy, oh, boy—wait'll the rest of the bunch hears we've got a canary—who answers to the name of 'Itsie'!"

"Wait a minute, fellows," interrupted Lieutenant Williams, "are we sports, or are we—? We left it up to Bill to pick up a mascot when he went to Naples. He used his own judgment. So we're stuck with the bird—"

The crew shook their heads sadly.

"We got the bird all right," one of them said.

The following night, Itsie went on her first bombing mission, and behaved like a veteran. Above the noise of machine gun fire, and deadly flak could be heard her brave little chirping, as she hopped from side to side in the little cage. At dawn, winging home, the Sally-B had seven more Swastika emblems to put on her fuselage.

Gunner Bill Crowley said that Itsie was good luck. Never had the Sally-B come out of a foray, with so many planes to her credit, and so little damage to herself.

The rest of the crew shrugged. Most of them yawned, and said they were ready for bed, luck or no luck.

Several nights later, the Sally-B was again wheeled out for another bombing mission. As the huge plane cleared the runway, and climbed into the dark night, Lieutenant Williams looked at the canary with one raised eyebrow and remarked, "Well, Itsie, old kid—let's see how that luck business works out tonight."

Itsie chirped back, entirely unconcerned with the sarcasm.

Then trouble began to happen. As if some unkind fate had things in store for the Sally-B, two of the engines sputtered, and went dead.

The crew looked at each other in amazement! THIS type of bad luck had NEVER been encountered before. One engine, yes—but TWO—it seemed as though the Sally-B was going to make a date with destiny.

They all looked at Itsie, happily chirping in her cage.

"It's the bird," said Lieutenant Williams. "I knew it—I could feel it. We've got to land this baby in one piece—let's go—!"

Below them spread a broad, flat terrain, devoid of trees or houses. "Thank heaven, for THAT, at least," muttered the Lieutenant.

They dropped flares, and he began the grim task of bringing the big helpless ship to a safe landing.

How it was done, is a saga among the boys at headquarters. And when finally the Sally-B was rolling along the hard Italian soil, with plenty of clearing ahead, the crew gave an audible sigh of relief.

"Just luck," was Lieutenant Williams' brief comment, when they looked at him admiringly. "Plain luck—but that bird's got to go—she'll never bring us anything but trouble."

Quickly the crew checked the motors. The crew chief reported to his commanding officer. "Minor trouble," he said. "Oil lines. Have it fixed in an hour."

Bill Crowley went in to see Itsie, while the rest of the crew not working on the engines, lolled around outside. It was a perfect night for bombing. The moonlight drenched the countryside with light as bright as day.

Bill stopped short as he saw the bird. She was hopping around the cage, chirping shrilly—much noisier, much more animated than usual. Somehow he thought that the little bird was trying to tell him something—something important.

He studied her nervous hoppings, and searched his brain. He felt as though the relationship between he and the bird was a living thing—he KNEW that Itsie was trying to tell him something.

Suddenly—he knew the answer!

**GAS! POISON GAS!**

He ran out shouting. In split seconds, the crew of the Sally-B had their masks on, and were waiting.

The gas came in a sticky wave from a Nazi experimental ship. Apparently they were using the terrain as a testing ground for spreading the fumes, and the Sally-B was right in the thick of it.

Her 50-50 guns brought down the Nazi gas laying plane. In an hour the Sally-B was in the air to resume her flight—with the big news of a Nazi scheme to use gas on helpless civilians.

The crew was very quiet. They instinctively felt that they were in a flying casket, not for themselves, but a little yellow feathered mite, who once chirped life, and sang all day—who now was lying still in death in her little bamboo cage.

So Itsie checked out—in a flying tomb fit for a noble eagle—with Lieutenant Williams' handkerchief over her cage, and grateful airmen as her pall-bearers, who felt privileged to wear the silver wings of courage.



# "REFORMATION"

Les Bradley came back to the offices of the Criterion Newsreel after enlisting in the United States Army, and smiled broadly at Tessie Munroe, the red-headed, green-eyed switch-board operator.

"Well," he announced, "I'm IN—with a second lieutenant's commission. 'n everything! I'll show those uniformed crank-turners what a REAL newsreel camera-man is like!"

"Gee, Les," she gushed. "Gosh—you an officer in the Army—SWELL!"

They had a farewell party, several days later. Les was one of Criterion's best men, and his leaving meant a tremendous gap in the production staff.

Les made a little speech.

Of course Les was good—and he knew it—and Les wouldn't hesitate in telling anyone who cared to listen how good he was behind the newsreel camera.

"I've been tossed around in earthquakes, shoved around in fires—covered the Japanese invasion of Manchuria—got mixed up in mobs and riots—and shot at by gangsters—so—what's a little scrap like this, but just another assignment—?"

For fifteen minutes, the Criterion staff listened to such an oration. They smiled. Les wasn't a braggart—his good-natured smile, and frank grey eyes were too sincere to be coupled with his ready tongue.

There were many handshakes and good-byes. Tessie kissed him in front of everyone and brushed away a tear.

"Gosh, Les," she said. "You're going to look so CUTE in an officer's uniform—"

He saluted her. "Yep," he said. "The best man for the best job — that's me—"

Lieutenant Les Bradley was ushered into Major Grafton's office.

"Sit down, Bradley," he said, in a friendly tone. "I want to have a little talk with you—"

Les lit a cigarette, and began listening. The Major outlined a course of duties assigned to Lieutenant Bradley AFTER his sixty-day basic training period.

"Sixty days!" exclaimed Les. "What do I have to do THAT for? I'm supposed to be an officer—I'm an experienced newsreel camera-man!"

The Major nodded.

"True, Bradley," he said with the air of a man talking to a small child, "but THERE are certain advancements in air cinematography that we want to teach you OUR way!"

Les looked angry.

"Look Major," he said. "I quit a job to enlist in the Army. I'm supposed to be a top man in my profession. I've been in worse situations with modern equipment, so why do I have to spend two months running around like an Indian? I want ACTION—and plenty of it—I

can teach you a few things about newsreel stuff—" He banged his fist on the desk.

Major Grafton stood up. "The discussion is at an end, Bradley," he said curtly. "I'll see you in sixty days!"

He saw Major Grafton several times while in training. Once he had quite a discussion with his superior officer. He had learned from others that Major Grafton had been actively engaged in motion pictures several years BEFORE LES BRADLEY WAS BORN!

"I guess I've been wrong about what I used to think about Army photographers," he said to the Major. "I've learned more here in a month than I did in civilian life in years."

Major Grafton smiled.

"Your former job," he said, "was to record NEWS from a sensational or theatrical point of view. You risked your life many times, probably, to get some unusual or difficult 'shot'. We don't want to do that in the Army. And we certainly don't want to expose men of your ability to unnecessary or foolhardy danger—what we want is an accurate RECORD of what happens with the best and safest equipment money can buy—"

Lieutenant Bradley saluted smartly.

"And you'll GET such a record," he said sincerely. "Our Army has the BEST photographic equipment in the WORLD."

It was a different Les Bradley that visited the offices of the Criterion Newsreel on his furlough. Tessie was the first to notice it.

"Why, Les," she said, "or should I say Lieutenant?—Army life has done wonders for you. Why, I've never seen you look so GOOD since I've known you—"

He smiled, his tanned, healthy face and clear eyes framed his officer's uniform to perfection.

"Thanks, Tessie," he said. "I'll return the compliment tonight—that is—if you'll have dinner with me—"

"Will I?" was all she said.

Later in the office of his one time boss, he smiled again as he heard words that filled his heart with pride.

"The Army has done plenty for you, Les," said his boss. "You left here one of the best men in the business—and now, looking at you, I'm convinced you're the BEST of the BEST—!"

"I know," said Les. "I've lost all my swagger. The Army didn't take it out of me, I took it out of myself. Their men and their equipment surpass everything in the field. It inspires you. It makes you want to learn—especially under fellows like Major Grafton—"

"Who's he?"

Les smiled. "Oh," he answered, "someone I started to teach the business to. But I gave it up fast—'cause I found out that he was teaching me."



# COMMANDOS

## of the DEVIL DOGS

and  
SHALNA

ART BY  
DON RICO

DO YOU MIND PERSONAL  
QUESTIONS???

HERE'S ONE WE'D LIKE  
TO ASK YOU --- DO YOU  
THINK YOU'RE BRAVE?

HMMM --- WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO COME FACE TO  
FACE WITH THE SCOURGE  
OF THE TROPICS???

DR. YUSHIDO??

DON'T ANSWER  
THAT! -- WAIT TILL  
YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENED  
TO OUR TWO FIGHTING  
LEATHERNECK PALS WHEN  
THEY MET UP WITH THE  
GREATEST RIP ROARING  
ADVENTURE OF THEIR EXCITING  
LIVES IN---

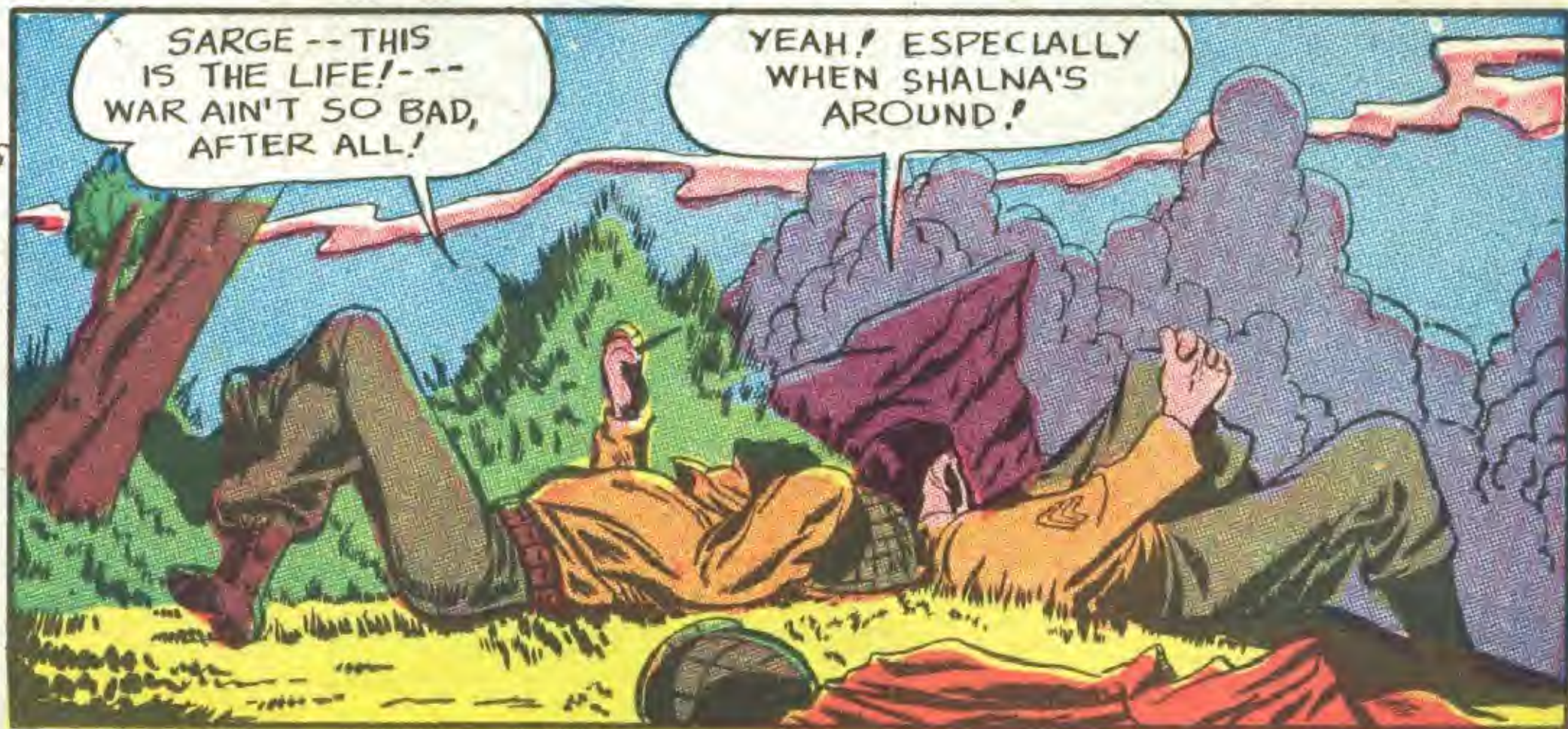
"TROPIC  
TERROR"



ENCAMPED  
NEAR THE  
NATIVE QUARTERS  
OF SHALNA'S  
PARENTS--  
CORPORAL WALLY,  
AND SERGEANT  
BILL TANNER  
ARE TAKING A  
HARD-EARNED  
REST WITH  
THEIR DEVIL DOG  
BUDDIES!!

SARGE -- THIS  
IS THE LIFE! ---  
WAR AIN'T SO BAD,  
AFTER ALL!

YEAH! ESPECIALLY  
WHEN SHALNA'S  
AROUND!







**INSIDE THE SPEEDING SHIP, DIABOLICAL JAP CRUELTY IS IN ORDER---**

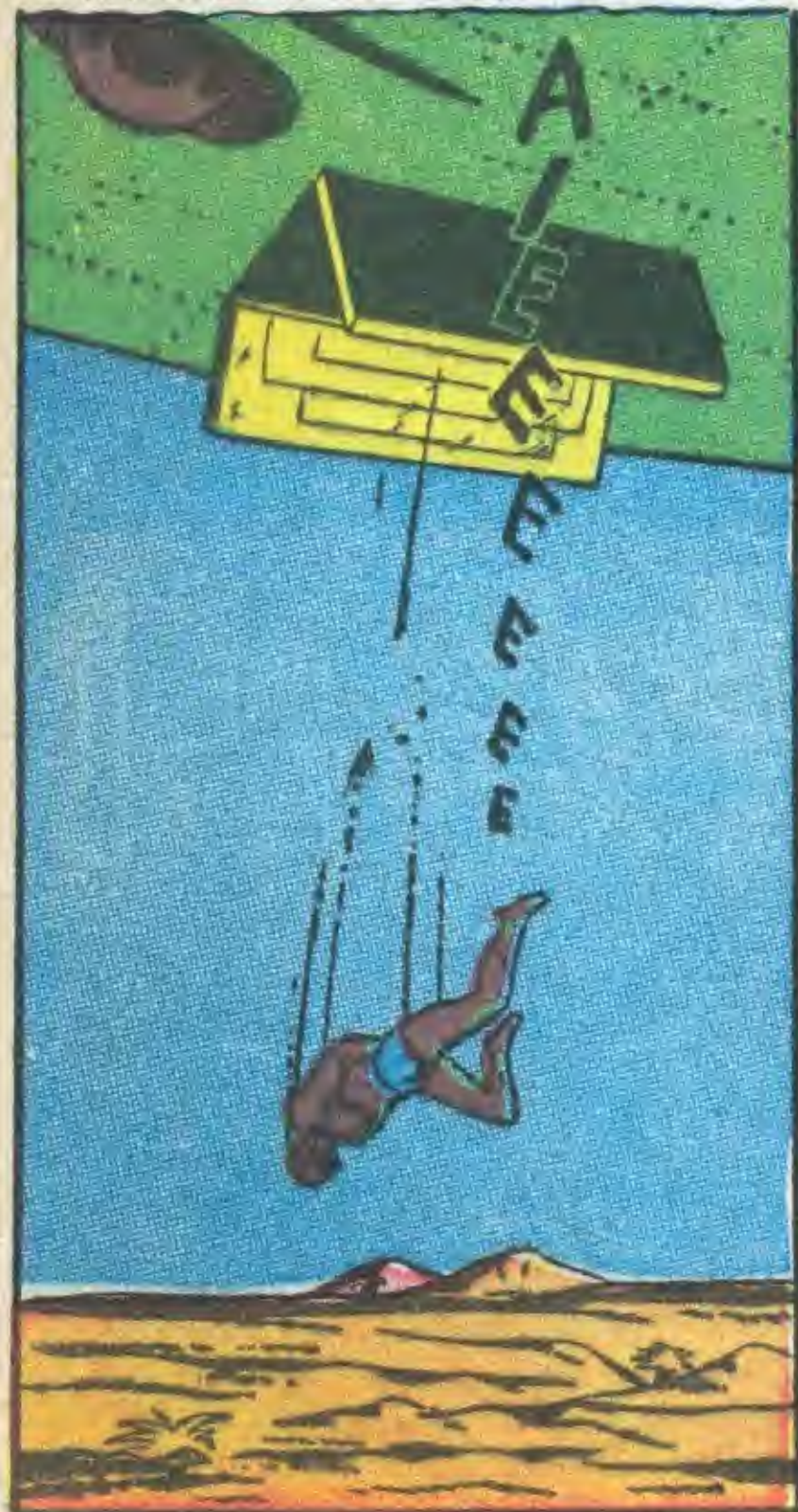
**WHEN THE BOMB-BAY DOOR IS OPENED, YOU WILL JOIN YOUR FRIENDS BELOW!**

**YES-- A LITTLE REMINDER THAT DR. YUSHIDO IS IN THIS TERRITORY!**

**SOARING ABOVE THE TERRAIN, THE BOMB-BAY DOOR OF THE PLANE IS OPENED---**



**AND THE BODY OF A BOUND AND HELPLESS MAN TUMBLES THROUGH SPACE!**





"IT SAYS --" **THIS IS THE WAY ALL NATIVES LOYAL TO THE AMERICAN DOGS WILL BE SENT HOME, ONE BY ONE! --BEWARE!--RESIST THE BARBARIAN AMERICANS, --OR YOUR PEOPLE WILL UNDERGO MANY KINDS OF TORTURES!!--** SIGNED, DR. YUSHIDO!

WHO'S HE?

HE IS A MOST TERRIBLE ONE! HE HOLDS MANY OF OUR PEOPLE AS HOSTAGES, MANY MILES FROM HERE!

AH!-- HERE COMES SHALNA!

THIS IS A HORRIBLE MISFORTUNE!

YEAH!-- AND WE AIN'T GOT ANY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!

HOW FAR DID YOU SAY THIS MANIAC IS?

LATER-- THAT AFTERNOON--

SARGE!-- YOU'RE KIDDIN'!-- GOIN' AWO.L. AGAIN-- GOSH!

BUTTON YOUR LIP! SOMEBODY'S COMIN'!

HI, SHALNA!-- GOIN' IN FOR A SWIM, HUH?

C'MON, WALLY!-- LET'S SHOVE OFF!  
YES BOYS!

GEE! SHE SURE IS A NICE BABE 'EH, SARGE?

CAN'T YOU KEEPER YOUR MIND OFF HER FOR AWHILE? --I'M TRYIN' TO FIGURE HOW TO GET HOLD OF THIS YUSHIDO BUM!

SUDDENLY-- ACROSS THE BAY SHOTS ANOTHER PLANE!

---AND LANDS ON THE FLAT TERRAIN, ABOUT THIRTY FEET FROM THE RIVER---



TWO SMALL AGILE FIGURES LEAP FROM THE PLANE,  
AND RUN TOWARD THE STARTLED GIRL--



WHA--  
SARGE!  
WALLY!



IT'S  
SHALNA!

SOMETHING'S  
WRONG!  
C'MON!



HURRY, BOJO!  
NO TIME TO  
LOSE!

HELP!  
HELP!



IF IT'S ANOTHER  
NIP TRICK--  
I'LL--



HELP!

THOSE  
DIRTY  
DOGS--  
THEY'VE  
GRABBED  
SHALNA!



NOW WE'VE  
GOT TO GRAB  
THAT GUY  
YUSHIDO!

I'M WITH  
YA, SARGE!

AND-- IN THE PLANE--



SO-- MY LITTLE  
FRIGHTENED PIGEON!  
--YOU WILL BE A DAINTY  
MORSEL FOR  
DR. YUSHIDO'S  
GLEAMING BLADE!

BUT--OF  
COURSE  
WE SHALL  
HAVE A  
LITTLE  
AMUSEMENT  
FIRST, 'EH  
NAKARI?

YOU  
FILTHY  
BEASTS!



**A HALF HOUR LATER--**



WELL DONE GENTLEMEN! NOW-- BACK TO YOUR POSTS!

--A PLEASURE, HONORED ONE!

SUCH A PRETTY CREATURE! I ALMOST REGRET I MUST DESTROY YOUR LOVELY, BODY!-- BUT YOU ARE A CHIEFTAN'S DAUGHTER!--AND IT WILL BE A LESSON TO THE OTHERS! YOU MUST LEARN TO OBEY YOUR SUPERIORS!

I AM NOT AFRAID OF YOU OR ANY TORTURE YOU MAY HAVE!

AH!--SO?-- WE SHALL SEE!



A.W.O.L. AGAIN! THIS TIME WE'RE THROUGH, SARGE!

SAVE YOUR BREATH! PADDLE, WILL YA?

**TWO HOURS LATER--**

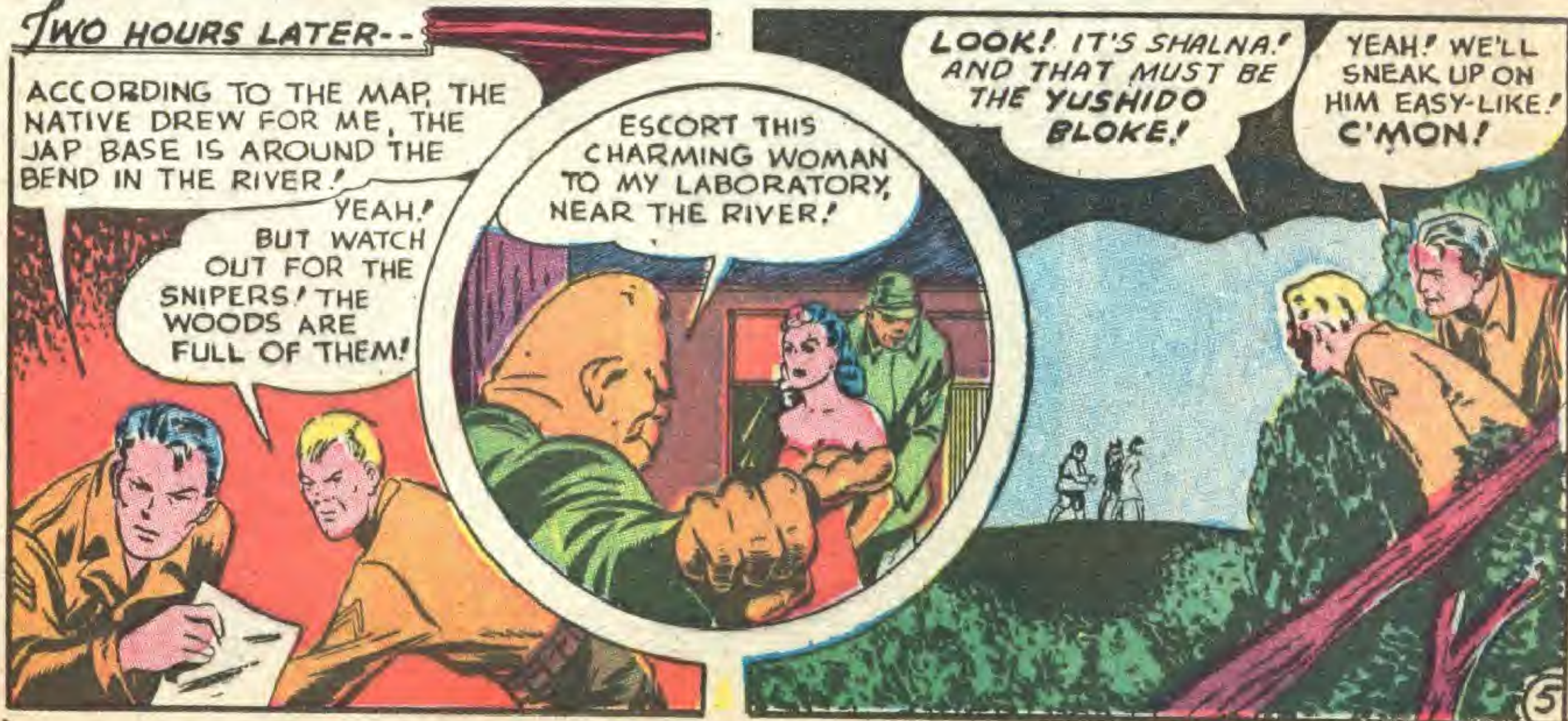
ACCORDING TO THE MAP, THE NATIVE DREW FOR ME, THE JAP BASE IS AROUND THE BEND IN THE RIVER!

YEAH! BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE SNIPERS! THE WOODS ARE FULL OF THEM!

ESCORT THIS CHARMING WOMAN TO MY LABORATORY, NEAR THE RIVER!

LOOK! IT'S SHALNA! AND THAT MUST BE THE YUSHIDO BLOKE!

YEAH! WE'LL SNEAK UP ON HIM EASY-LIKE! C'MON!





KEEPING ALONG THE RIVER BANK THEY MAKE A STARTLING DISCOVERY---

WOW! A HYDROPLANE!

--ARE WE IN LUCK? I CAN PILOT ONE OF THOSE!



MINUTES LATER---



TWO SONS OF THE RISING SUN MEET THE FLYING FISTS OF TWO TOUGH DEVIL DOG COMMANDOS!



YOU MAY THINK ME INSANE, BUT I INTEND TO RENDER YOU UNCONSCIOUS!-- THEN REMOVE YOUR HEART, AND SEND IT TO YOUR PEOPLE! IT WILL BE A LESSON --A GOOD LESSON!



WILL IT?



YOU JAP WEASLE!



QUICK!-- WALLY'S GOT THE HYDROPLANE STARTED! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

OH-- SARGE!!



AND--IN A MATTER OF SPLIT SECONDS, THE JAPANESE FLYING BOAT TAKES TO THE AIR---



LATER THAT NIGHT--

I'LL OVERLOOK THIS INFRINGEMENT OF RULES, THIS TIME! TOMORROW WE HEAD DOWN THE RIVER--TO WIPE OUT THAT JAP BASE!

YIPPIE! WHOOPS! PARDON SIR!

THANKS A LOT, CAPTAIN GREY!



another RIP ROARING COMMANDOS OF THE DEVIL DOGS IN THE NEXT *Captain Aero Comics!*



CAPTAIN Aero's

# SKY SCOUTS



FERSTADT

OUR STORY OPENS AT THE  
CAPTAIN'S AIR HEADQUARTERS  
SOMEWHERE ON THE WEST COAST--

YIPPEE!  
IT'S CAPTAIN  
AERO!-- HOME  
AT LAST!

BOY!  
WILL I  
BE GLAD  
TO SEE  
HIM!

IT SURE IS  
SWELL TO  
SEE YOU  
CAP--

IT'S GOOD TO BE BACK WITH  
MY TWO SKY SCOUTS AGAIN!

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE  
THIS THE BEST FURLOUGH  
YOU EVER HAD!

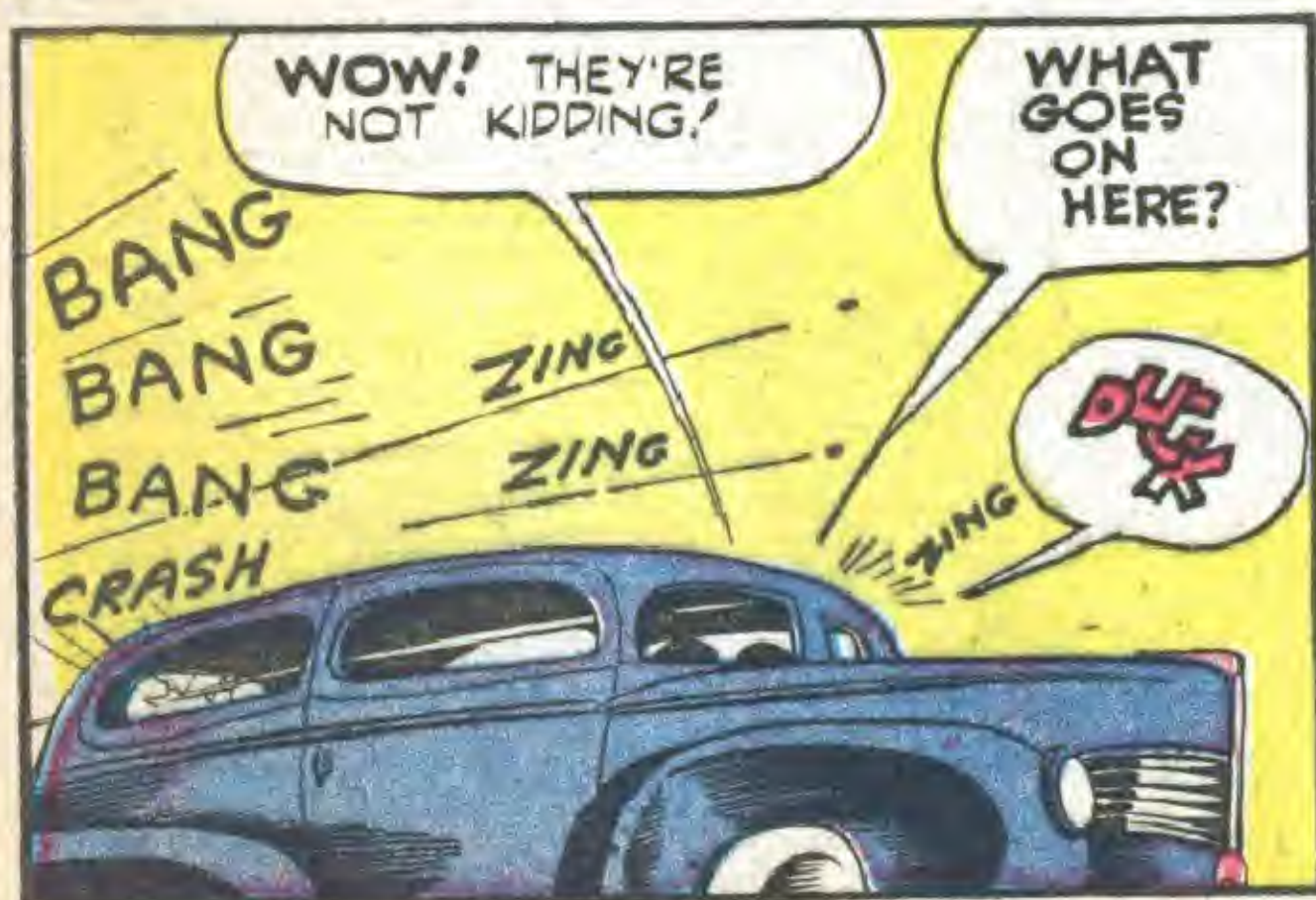
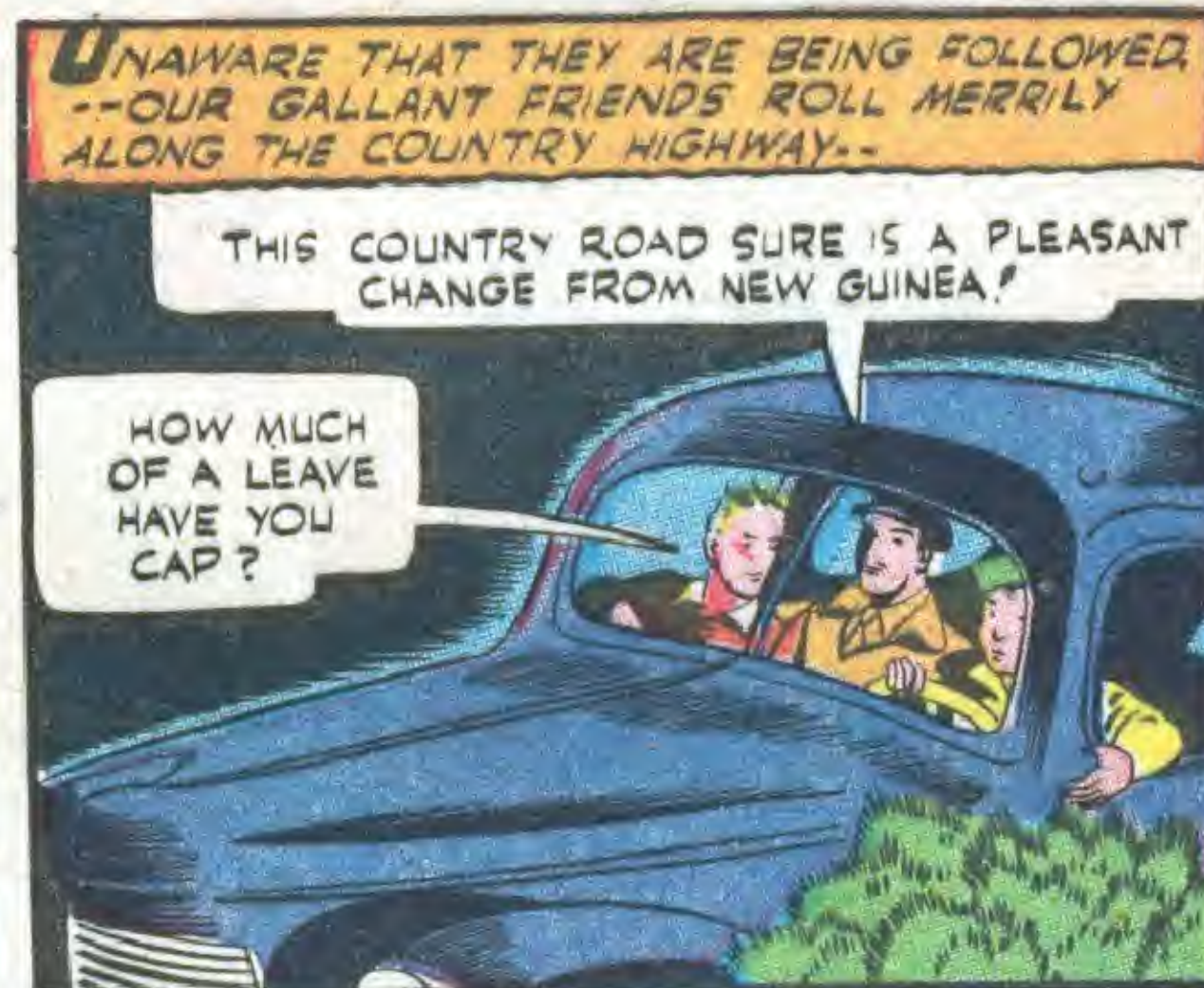
BOB AND JIMMY, VALIANT SKY SCOUTS,  
WHO PROUDLY WEAR THEIR WINGS  
OF COURAGE, EVEN THOUGH THEY  
ARE ONLY BOYS, ONCE MORE MAKE  
THEIR GALLANT HERO CAPTAIN AERO  
PROUD OF THEM, AS THEY SMASH  
THEIR WAY INTO ANOTHER RIP-  
ROARING ADVENTURE WITH THE,

**THE TERMITES OF TOKIO**

AND MINUTES LATER-- A JOYFUL REUNION  
TAKES PLACE BETWEEN THE INSEPARABLE TRIO!

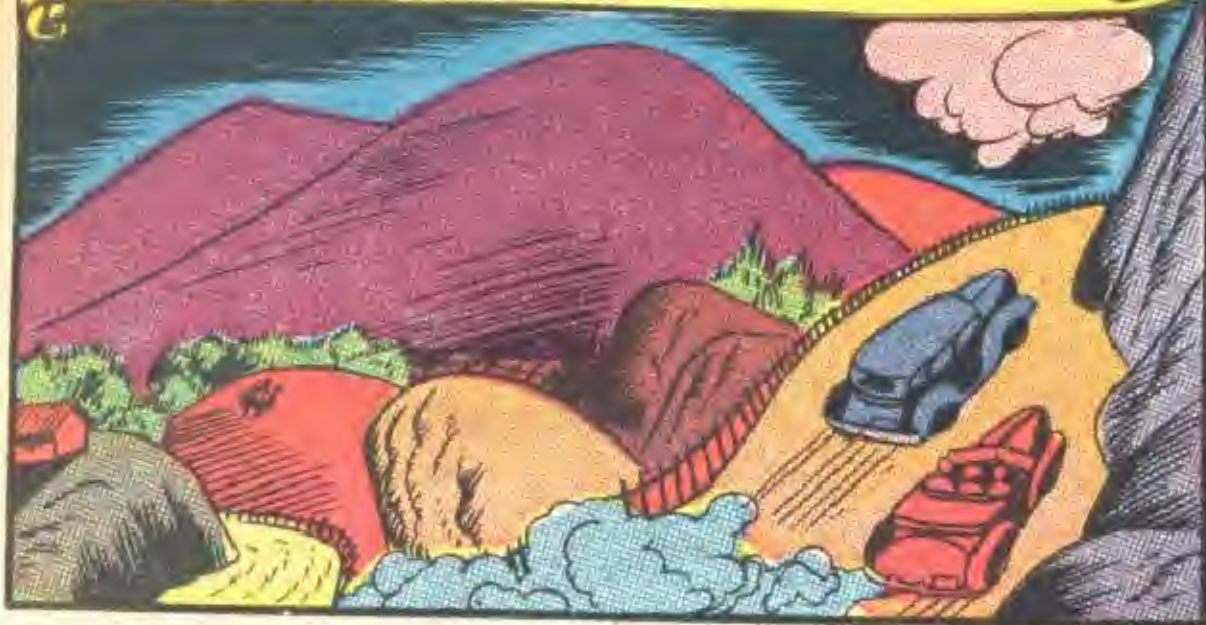








THE SLEEK ROADSTER FORGES AHEAD RECKLESSLY SEEKING TO FORCE THE BOYS OFF THE ROAD---



QUICK, JIMMIE-- GIVE ME THE WHEEL--  
HANG ON,-- WE'RE GONNA TURN OVER--



CROUCH DOWN BOYS,-- BREAK THE FALL!

CRASH



GOOD!

COME-- LET US GO DOWN, AND TAKE A LOOK!



DAZED, BUT UNHURT, THE FIGHTING TRIO MANAGE TO STAGGER TO THEIR FEET!

WHEW! -- SOMEONE WANTS TO GET US OUT OF THE WAY--

GEE-- THAT SURE WAS A CLOSE ONE--



BUT, SUDDENLY, A SUCCESSION OF FOUL BLOWS ARE RAINED ON THEM FROM BEHIND--

UGH!

OW!



AND A TERRIFIC BATTLE OF FISTS AND GUN-BUTTS TAKES PLACE--





FOR A FEW MINUTES THE BATTLE WAGES FURIOUSLY--



BUT-- WEAKENED BY THE CAR CRASH, AND THE FOUL BLOW OF THEIR ATTACKERS, THE GALLANT TRIO ARE BEATEN INTO SUBMISSION!

QUICK--- GET THEM INTO THE CAR---

BIDO WILL BE MUCH PLEASED AT OUR RESULTS!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER--

HURRY--- BEFORE THESE STUPID DOGS AWAKE!

SOON WE SHALL BE ENTERING THE SECRET MOUNTAIN TRAIL--



AND THE BOYS ARE COMING TO IN THE RUMBLE SEAT OF THE CAR--

WH--WH--WHAT HAPPENED--?

WOOW! MY HEAD--



QUIET--! OR I'LL SILENCE YOU RIGHT NOW!



WE'D BETTER KEEP QUIET-- WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT THEIR GAME IS BEFORE WE TRY ANYTHING--- RIGHT?

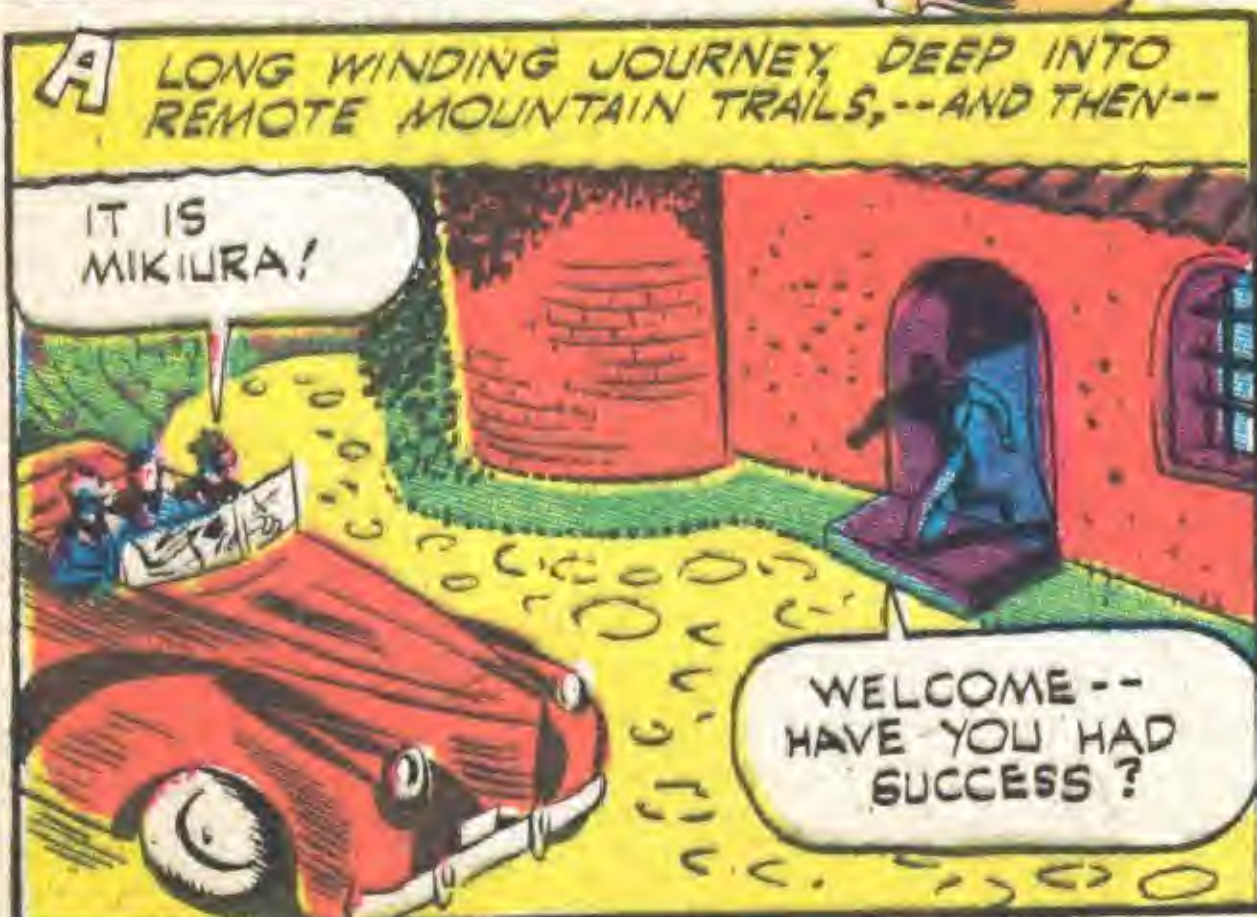
RIGHT!



A LONG WINDING JOURNEY, DEEP INTO REMOTE MOUNTAIN TRAILS,--AND THEN--

IT IS MIKIURA!

WELCOME -- HAVE YOU HAD SUCCESS?



A FOOLISH QUESTION SO THIS IS THE GREAT CAPTAIN AERO, EH?











HERE'S WHAT I THINK OF IT, -- YOU POT-BELLIED GORILLA!!

OW!



C'MON JIMMY-- WADE INTO 'EM!

RIGHT WITH YOU PARTNER!



YOU -- LIKE -- MY JIU JITSU -- EH?

UGH-- YOU-- YOU--



JIMMIE! LOOK!

C'MON! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?



AGHHH AHHH

IN A FEW MINUTES THE BATTLE IS OVER--

HE SURE IS A BIG FELLOW!

AND PLENTY TOUGH TOO!

I'LL HAVE TO GO BACK WITH THESE JOCKOS! GET THE CAR READY, BOYS!

WHAT HAPPENED CAP?-- WHAT WAS IT ALL ABOUT!

PLENTY! THOSE WERE ESCAPED JAP PRISONERS! THEY PLANNED PLENTY OF DAMAGE! THEY HAD ENOUGH EXPLOSIVES IN THE LODGE TO BLOW UP THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS!

AND I CAN'T TELL MY SKY SCOUTS WHY I WAS SENT HERE! I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND!

SURE WE UNDERSTAND CAP!

LET'S START FOR HOME! I HOPE MA WON'T BE SORE!





# THE LUCKY AVENGER

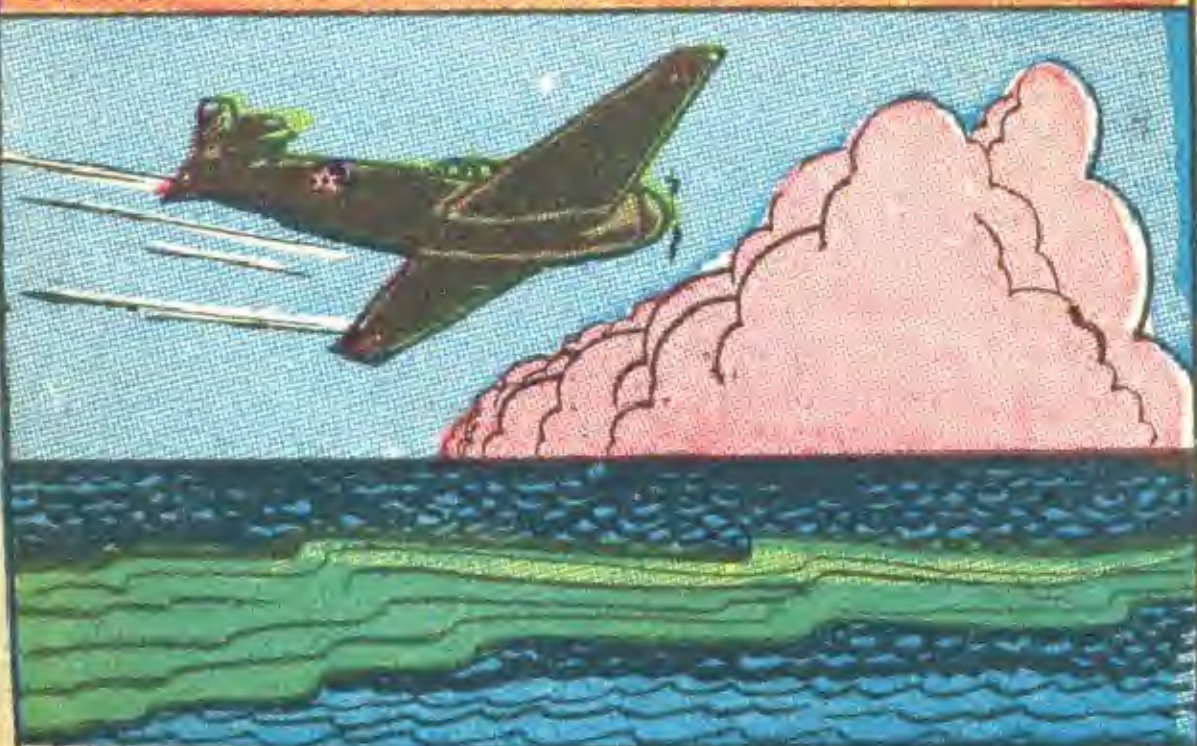
A TRUE STORY---

FLYING FROM AN ESCORT CARRIER ON ATLANTIC CONVOY DUTY, LT. ROBERT P. WILLIAMS OF SNOQUALMIE, WASH., AND THE CREW OF A SPEEDY GRUMANN 'AVENGER' BOMBER, ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THREE NAZI SUBS, AND THE POSSIBLE DAMAGING OF ANOTHER... IN A THRILLING SERIES OF BATTLES UNPARALLELED IN THE HISTORY OF U.S. NAVAL AVIATION! ---



LIEUT. ROBERT P. WILLIAMS

PILOT WILLIAMS, RADIOMAN MORRIS C. GRINSTAD AND MACHINIST MATE MELVIN H. PADEN WERE CRUISING OVER THE WATER WHEN SUDDENLY ---



LIEUTENANT, THE WAKE OF A LARGE SUB IS JUST AHEAD--

OKAY, PADEN! LET'S HAVE A LOOK-SEE!





AS WILLIAM'S' PLANE REARS IN TO ATTACK, THE NAZI SUB IS STRAFED BY A FIGHTER PLANE PILOTED BY LT. EARL H. STEIGER, OF BUFFALO, N.Y.



ALL RIGHT, PADEN--  
**FIRE!**

HERE SHE GOES, SIR!



AND THE NAZI SUB IS MORTALLY WOUNDED BY THE AVENGER'S ACCURATE BOMBING!



BUT THEN -- THE U-BOAT CREW RACE TO THE GUNS AND FIGHT BACK ---!



I-I- CAN'T CONTINUE THE ATTACK, SIR! WE'VE EXHAUSTED OUR BOMB-LOAD!



GRINSTEAD! GET THE CARRIER AND ASK FOR HELP! AND ASK STEIG IF HE CAN CONTINUE TO STRAFE THE SUB!

AYE, AYE, SIR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER AID ARRIVES FROM THE CARRIER, BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT THE NAZIS GET THEIR REVENGE WHEN STEIG'S PLANE PLUNGES INTO THE SEA!

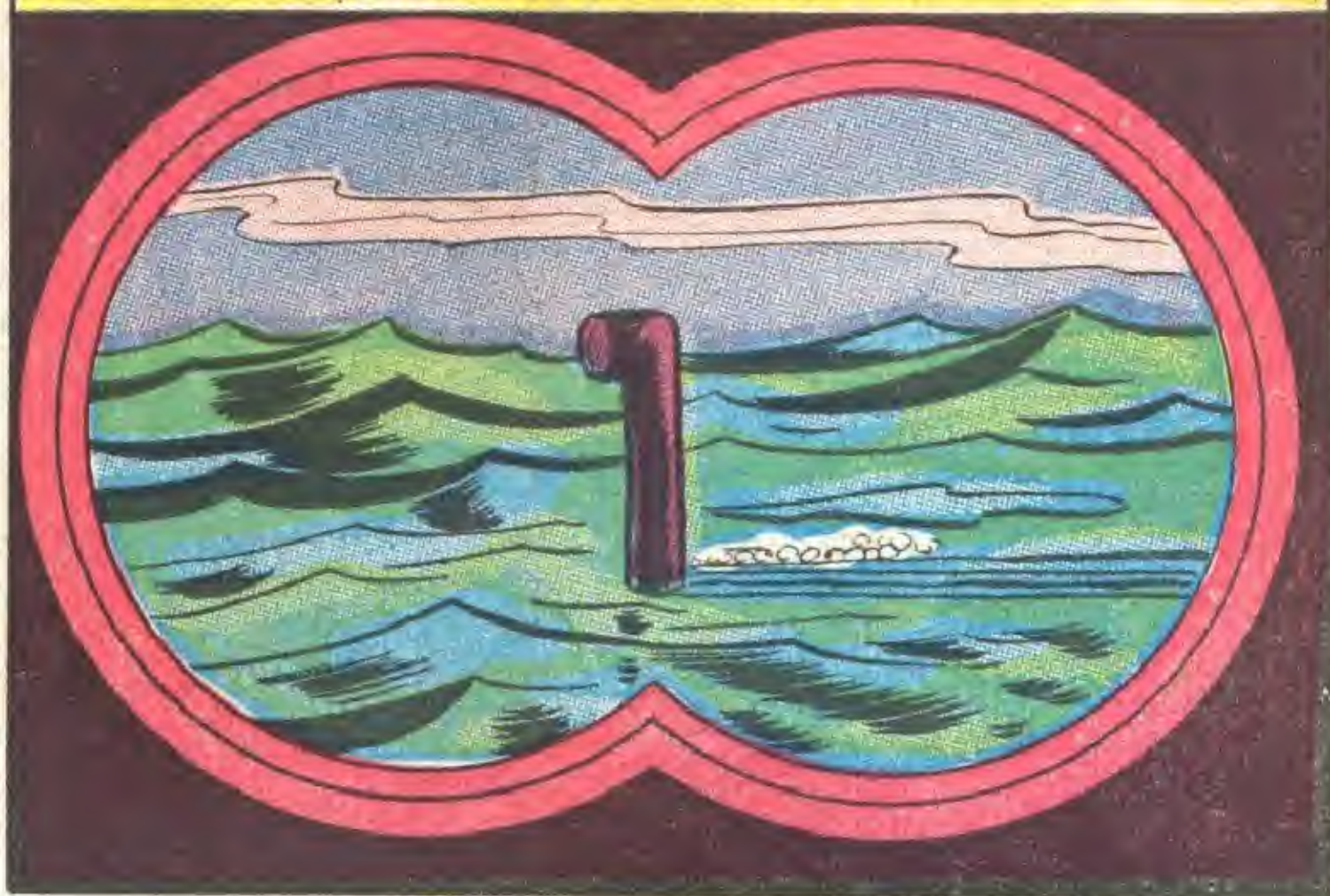




BUT THEN THE NAZI SUB GOES DOWN, HELPLESS AGAINST THE OVERPOWERING YANKEE ATTACK!



ON PATROL THE NEXT MORNING, WILLIAMS SPOTS A PERISCOPE, EIGHT MILES AWAY!



WITH AMAZING ACCURACY, PADEN DROPS A BOMB ON THE SUB!



AND THE NAZI SHIP DISAPPEARS, TRAILING OIL ---!



THINK WE NABBED HER, LIEUTENANT!

I GUESS WE'D BETTER LIST THAT ONE AS POSSIBLY DAMAGED!





TWO DAYS  
LATER -

GRINSTEAD --  
NOTIFY THE CARRIER  
WE'VE SIGHTED ANOTHER  
SUB! ASK THEM TO  
STAND BY!



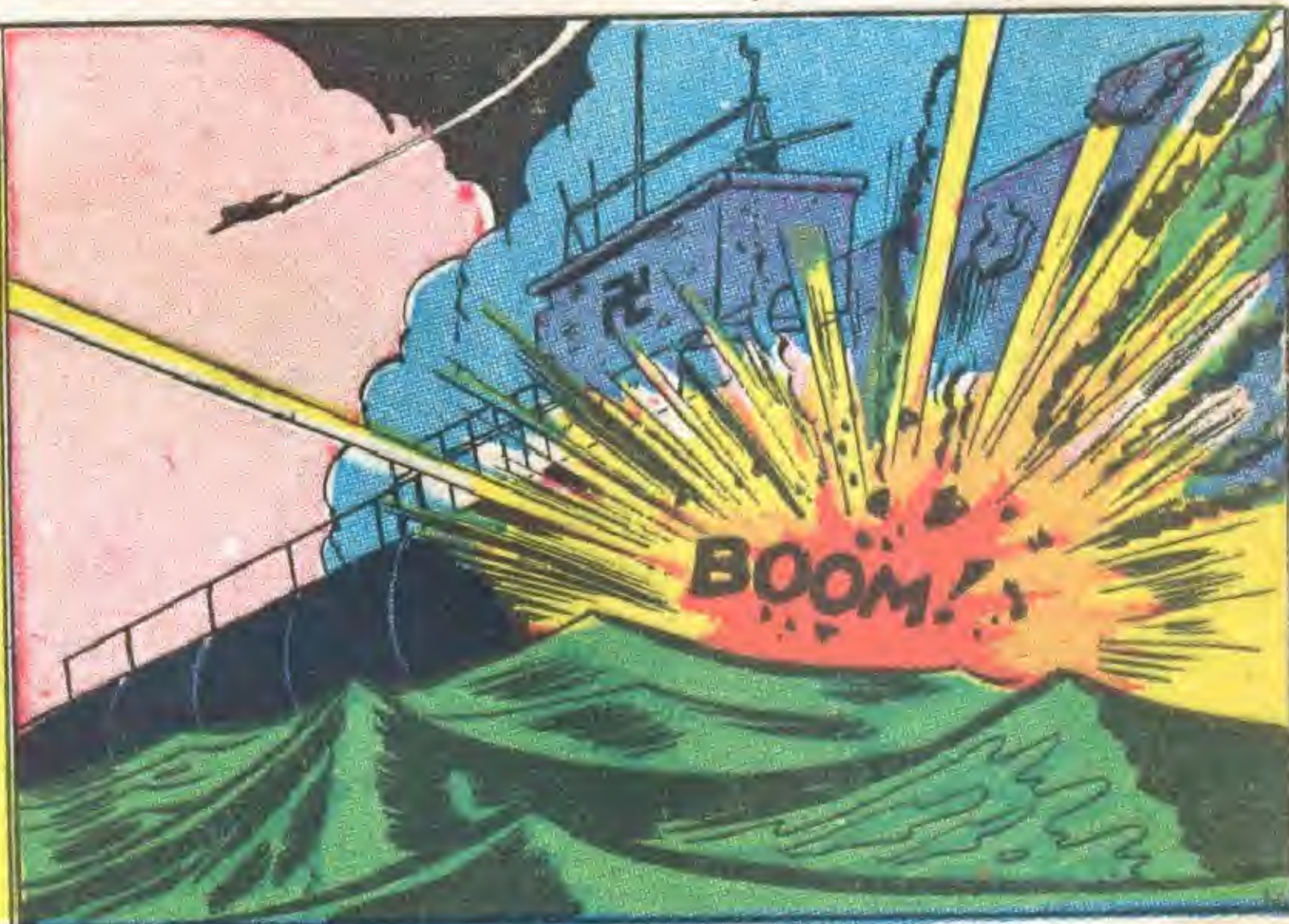
THE BIG AVENGER SWOOPS DOWN FOR THE KILL!



AND A BOMB ZOOMS  
DOWN STRAIGHT  
TOWARD THE NAZI  
RATTLESNAKE OF  
THE SEA!



THE  
BOMB  
EXPLODES  
DIRECTLY  
BENEATH  
THE SUB,  
SPLINTERING  
THE SHIP  
INTO  
BITS!



LIEUT WILLIAMS,  
THE CARRIER  
WANTS A REPORT  
ON THE ATTACK!

HMMMM!  
WHAT ATTACK  
GRINSTEAD?



WHY, THE LITTLE  
SCRAP WE JUST  
HAD WITH THE  
NAZI SUB,  
SIR!

OH-- THAT! TELL  
'EM WE ONLY  
HAD TO USE  
ONE BOMB ON  
THE JERRIES!





SHORTLY AFTERWARDS - -

WE'RE READY  
TO SHOVE OFF,  
SIR!

HAPPY HUNTING,  
LIEUTENANT!



AFTER PATROLLING THE  
OCEAN FOR AWHILE, THE  
AVENGER SPOTS ANOTHER SUB!



WELL, BOYS!  
HERE WE GO  
AGAIN!

JEEPERS! I HOPE  
THIS'LL BE LUCKY  
NUMBER THREE!



AS THE AVENGER UNLOADS A RAIN OF BOMBS,  
THE SUB SURFACES SHARPLY!



The  
BIG  
SUB  
BEGINS  
TO  
GO  
DOWN,  
HEAVY  
BLACK  
SMOKE  
POURING  
FROM  
THE  
CONNING  
TOWER!



THIRTY -  
MEMBERS  
OF THE  
CREW  
DESPERATELY  
TRY  
TO  
ESCAPE  
BEFORE  
THE  
SUBS  
SUCTION  
DRAGS  
THEM  
UNDER  
WATER!





A FEW MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE AVENGER RETURNS TO THE CARRIER-



CONGRATULATIONS, WILLIAMS! GREAT WORK, MY BOY!

WE WERE LUCKY, THAT'S ALL!



I CALL IT SKILL, WILLIAMS! AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M PROUD OF YOU AND YOUR CREW!

THANK YOU, SIR!



LATER, WHEN WILLIAMS AND HIS CREW ARE ON SHORE LEAVE--

I HOPE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO THROW US INTO THE BRIG, SIR!

NO DANGER OF THAT, WILLIAMS! BUT I DO HAVE SOMETHING MIGHTY INTERESTING TO SHOW YOU!



THERE ARE 65 NAZIS IN THAT PEN, WILLIAMS!

BUT - - BUT I DON'T SEE WHAT THAT HAS TO DO WITH US, SIR!



THOSE PRISONERS ARE SURVIVORS FROM THE THREE SUBS YOU SANK!

WELL! I'LL BE A SON OF A SEA-COW!



AT THE OFFICE OF THE COMMANDANT

WILLIAMS, YOU AND YOUR MEN WILL PROBABLY RECEIVE THE NAVY CROSS, AND YOU DESERVE IT!

GOSH, COMMANDER! WE'RE MIGHTY PROUD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT - BUT OUR AVENGER REALLY DESERVES MOST OF THE CREDIT!



FOR THE FINEST IN AIR ADVENTURE COMICS --- YOUR BEST BET IS

**CAPTAIN AERO COMICS**

• TOPS IN STORY!  
• TOPS IN ART!  
• TOPS IN ACTION!

ON SALE NOW AT YOUR NEWSSTAND